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THE SULLIVAN-CARDIFF DRAW.

POLICE GAZETTE

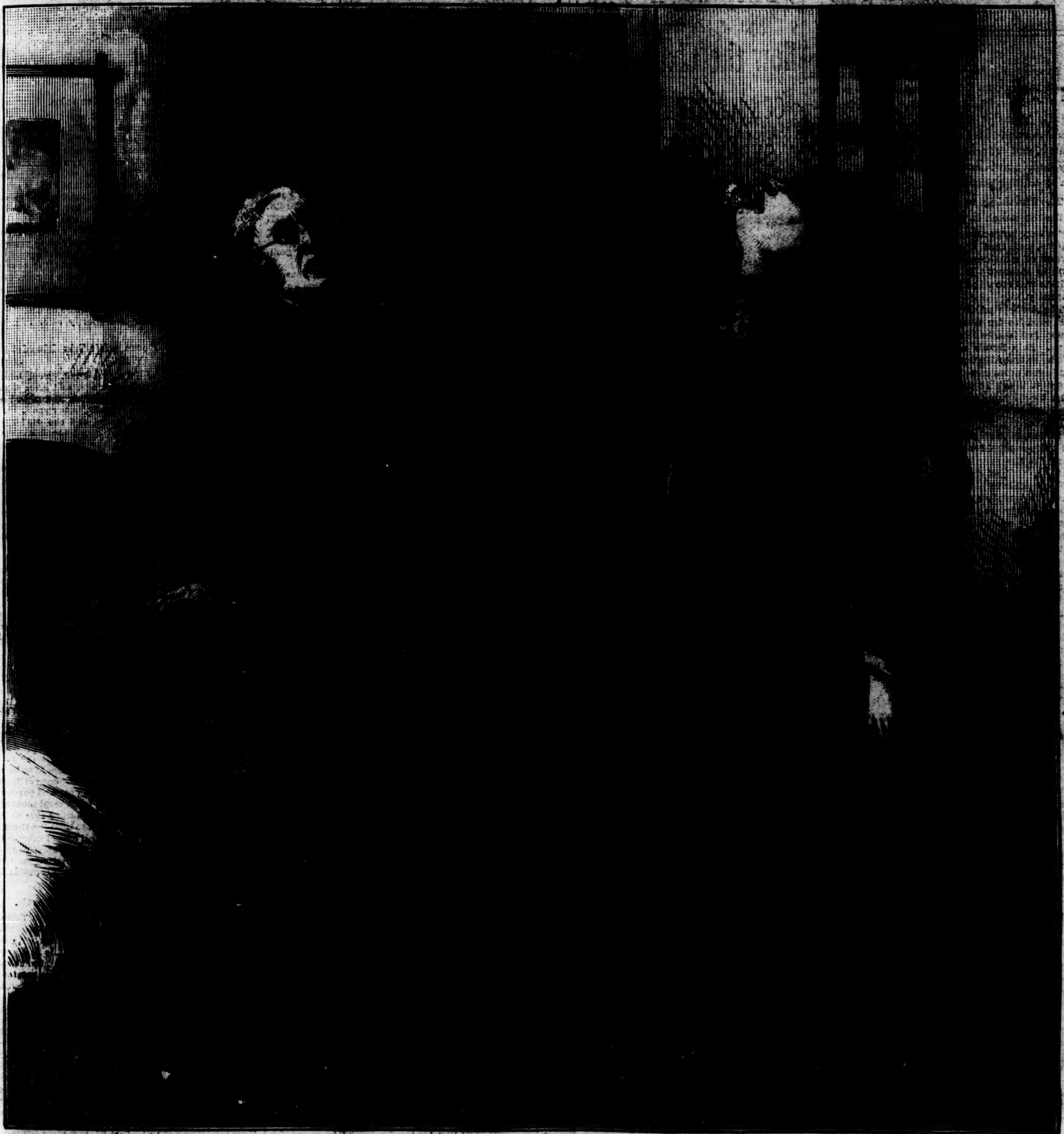
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RICHARD E. FOX,
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STRANGLED TO DEATH.

THE BEAUTIFUL DAUGHTER OF A WELL-KNOWN NEW YORK CLERGYMAN DIES OF ASPHYXIA IN A MACHINE IN WHICH SHE EXERCISED HER SPINAL MUSCLES.



RICHARD K. FOX, - - Editor and Proprietor.

POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

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TO OUR PATRONS.

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IS IT A CRISIS?

In another column of the present issue of the POLICE GAZETTE will be found the most graphic and exhaustive description of the match recently fought at Minneapolis between John L. Sullivan and Patsy Cardiff. A more interesting battle, and one which is likely to be followed by important results, has not been participated in by leading pugilists for a long time.

The first thing to be noticed in connection with the match is the fact that it was attended by a very large and enthusiastic crowd of spectators, and that the local press treated it as an event of considerable and strictly legitimate public interest. It came off in a huge rink which was crowded to the utmost limit of its capacity.

The Associated Press report, which is never disposed to be over-ecstatic about a boxing match, estimates the attendance at 12,000 persons. This figure alone would give a fair idea of the extraordinary popularity of the affair. But even more convincing proof of the intense interest taken in pugilism and athletics generally, by all manly and wholesome communities, is supplied in the statement of the receipts. The gross amount taken at the door amounted to no less than \$24,000—a sum of such magnitude, all things considered, as to be a humiliating blow to the cranks who declare that the ring has seen its best days.

The next interesting feature of the match was Cardiff's openly expressed conviction that he would be unable to face the champion through six rounds, as stipulated in the articles of agreement, without being knocked out. This sort of confession is a pretty rare thing in modern pugilism, for even the biggest dufer of them all when ranged up against Sullivan, was not slow to announce that he, if nobody else, was bound to become, and become easily at that, the long-expected conqueror of the hitherto unconquerable champion. How Cardiff's manly admission could be construed into a hint that the match was to be one more in a long list of "hippodromes" we can't for the life of us see. Yet that is the interpretation put upon it by the local reporters.

The fight itself was a most interesting one. Entering the ring with a haunting conviction that he would be done for in an incredibly short space of time, nobody was more surprised than Cardiff himself by the incidents of the battle. In the first place, he got home on the champion's mouth with a blow of a kind that Sullivan is utterly unaccustomed to. It was a new experience for the Boston Boy, and we are not surprised that he became cautious upon receiving it. This blow, taken in connection with the successful right-counter on the body in the first round, were just causes of astonishment on the part of the principals as well as the spectators.

In the second place, that a miscalculated delivery on the champion's part should have resulted in the fracture of one of his wrist bones was an unforeseen accident, the immediate result of which was the conclusion of the match, in the sixth round, as a draw.

The morals to be drawn from this, in a sense, unsatisfactory ending of what promised to be a vigorously contested battle, are two-fold.

First, there is no denying that a great impetus will be given to the business of challenging the champion. His hitherto inviolable success took the edge off public interest in his recent matches. Now that the British champion's prospects are a trifle improved, even though the improvement be due to an accident alone, the manliest of manly sports cannot but derive an immense boom from the Minneapolis meeting. For the mere chance of Smith's winning, slender as that chance may be, will keep public interest at fever heat.

Secondly, had the match been contested under "Police Gazette" rules, it would have been fought to a finish, and there would have been no doubt of the result.

EXTRA

A CRISIS!

The First Real Check
Ever Received by

John L. Sullivan.

DECIDED A DRAW.

How the Champion's Recent Match with Patsy Cardiff Reached an Unsatisfactory Conclusion.

A BROKEN BONE.

Something Happens to the
Wrist of the Gallant Boy From
Boston.

IS IT JEM SMITH'S CHANCE?

A Belief Prevalent that the British
Champion will be Encouraged to
Hope for Victory by the American Giant's Strange
Mishap.

The long-pending glove fight recently arranged between John L. Sullivan, the Emperor of the fist arena, and Patsy Cardiff, of Peoria, Ill. (a protégé of Chas. E. Davies), well known as the Peoria Giant, was decided on Jan. 18, at the Washington Rink, Minneapolis, and over ten thousand spectators laid down Uncle Sam's two-dollar treasury notes for the privilege of witnessing the contest. Ever since the match was arranged the affair was the theme of conversation, and Sullivan and his admirers looked upon Cardiff as a fifth-rate boxer and odds time and again were offered that Sullivan would win in two rounds.

The articles of agreement, signed when the match was made, stipulated that the contest should be fought according to Queensberry rules, and that six rounds should be fought, and that if the contest was stopped or the police interfered, the boxer having the best of the encounter should be declared the winner. At the time the protocol was signed, Pat Sheedy, Sullivan's fides agent, looked Sullivan to win in one round, and this was the opinion of two-thirds of the sporting public.

Sullivan was so confident that he could conquer the Peoria giant that he paid no attention to training. Cardiff, on the other hand, went through a regular routine and reduced himself from nearly 200 pounds to 185 pounds.

Patsy Cardiff is twenty-four years old, and was born in Northern Canada, and is of Irish parentage. He weighs heavily at 185 pounds and is round as a dollar. He is very much of a gentleman, and is an honor to the pugilistic circle. He is 6 feet in height. He had figured in numerous battles, his most important one being his battle with Jem Goode, the English middleweight, who he knocked out on May 25, 1884, at Chicago.

He knocked out Billy Bradburn and knocked out Billy Wilson, the colored heavy weight champion. He fought a draw with Charley Mitchell, having the best of the encounter. He then challenged Jack Burke, but the latter refused to fight him. He was to have fought Jack Dempsey, but the management of the affair refused to put up the money.

After some preliminary boxing by the combination the hour arrived for the battle between the champion gladiators, Pat Sullivan, a well-known sporting man,

had been selected referee, and every one was in high expectation of witnessing a great encounter.

Sullivan appeared in fine condition, and weighed 220 pounds. Cardiff's weight was 185 pounds, and his friends regarded him as lean and rather overtrained, though in general fine shape.

Billy Wharton, of Minneapolis, was chosen time-keeper for Cardiff, while Jimmy Murphy was appointed to hold the watch for Sullivan. Cardiff's second was Prof. John Donaldson of Cincinnati whom on Dec. 22, 1886, Sullivan conquered in eleven rounds, lasting 20 minutes, in Cincinnati, while George Le Blanche, the Marine, seconded Sullivan. At the call the men faced each other and the fight began.

THE FIGHT.

Round 1—Cardiff watchfully took over the stage, Sullivan promptly making a rush and leading with his left. Cardiff dodged and countered with his right on Sullivan's body, which called out cheers from the crowd. Sullivan followed with a rush and a right hander, which Cardiff avoided, Sullivan's arm striking his shoulder. A clinch followed, and after a little cautious sparring Sullivan lightly boxed Cardiff's cheek and the round ended.

2—Cautious sparring for an opening, with Sullivan not aggressive and Cardiff active and apparently forcing the fight. Sullivan reached short with his left and Cardiff countered heavily with his right on Sullivan's cheek, driving him to the ropes, where a clinch followed, the round ending with idle sparring.

3—Sullivan began with an easy left-hander, which reached Cardiff's face without a counter. He followed with a feint, when Cardiff rushed in and planted a light left on his mouth, again bringing roars of applause. Cautious and tiresome sparring followed, which Sullivan ended with a lead, which Cardiff cleverly stopped. Sullivan did not follow up the blow, and Cardiff jumped upon him with a right and left in body and face.

4—This round was passed by the pugilists without a blow, and by the crowd wondering what had come over the champion. After the men had tramped about the stage two minutes vigorous hissing began, but without avail, the round ended without a blow being struck.

5—This round opened more actively. Sullivan led with his left, Cardiff dodging and catching an upper cut from the champion's right. The sparring tactics were resumed, Cardiff finishing occasionally and Sullivan backing each time. The round ended with a close.

6—On time being called both men came to the scratch. Cardiff was first to the center, and watched every movement the champion would make. All of a sudden the champion led with his left and made a move to swing his right, but Cardiff, with the agility of a mountain chamois stepped aside, and then with a rush like a mad-dened bull, landed left and right on the champion and forced him across the stage to the ropes. Intense excitement now prevailed among the excited crowd. Some yelled: "Yes! have got him, Patsy." Both men then attacked, and there was fighting of very little importance, when the timekeeper shouted time.

At the conclusion of the affair there was tremendous excitement and the crowd yelled for a decision. Some yelled "It is a hippodrome," others yelled "Cardiff, Cardiff," and the yells could be heard for blocks away, intermingled with "Sullivan, Sullivan." A long consultation followed on the stage, and Pat Sheedy could be seen propounding rules with demonstrative gesticulations.

Cardiff's friends were claiming he was victorious, because he had not been knocked out, and that he was still ready to continue the struggle. Pat Sullivan finally settled the excitement and poured oil on the troubled waters by proclaiming that the battle was a draw.

The air was immediately filled with mingled groans and hisses, and the rink became a surging mob of howling men. Crowds rushed out, breathing denunciations against the referee's decision, while as many more made the air ring with cheers for Patsy Cardiff. Pat Sheedy, the referee, the seconds and most of the Sullivan combination were on the stage endeavoring to be heard, but their voices were lost in the uproar, and the public would not listen to reason. Finally, after coaxing and persuasion, Sheedy announced that Sullivan had broken a bone in his arm. In the next breath he stated that the champion had injured his arm. At this farcical announcement the uproar was inconceivable, and it was all that the attendants could do to appease the tumult.

Physicians were sent for and they arrived while the despondent but good-natured modern gladiator sat puffing his injured right arm, which was swelled. It is claimed that the physicians stated that Sullivan's arm was broken.

According to the conditions of the match, the winner was to receive seventy-five per cent. of the house receipts and the loser twenty-five. The general impression is that the Peoria Giant had the best of the fight from first to last, getting in three blows on Sullivan's face and pushing him to the ropes twice, cleverly avoiding Sullivan's attacks and coming out at the end of the sixth round as fresh as when he went in. This opinion is forwarded to us by the correspondent of the POLICE GAZETTE, and his opinion is endorsed. He telegraphs that Sullivan, in the first round, struck Cardiff's shoulder bone with the broad side of his forearm, breaking the small bone, after which he gamely continued the fight, making no sign.

The blow which Cardiff struck Sullivan in the first round was square in the mouth and drew blood. This caused Sullivan to be somewhat cautious. Within a moment, however, he aimed one of his terrible right-handers at Cardiff, which the latter dodged, and Sullivan's wrist striking on the back of Cardiff's neck, breaking the wrist bone. Sullivan concealed this fact even from his seconds until the close of the fight, and this accounts for the apparent tameness of the remainder of the contest. This showed his wisdom, for had Cardiff known that the champion was injured he would have acted more aggressively.

After the battle Cardiff was the lion of the hour, and he was followed by admiring crowds from all parts of the city. Cardiff is twenty-four years of age, strong, powerful and muscular, and in 1884, after he knocked out Jem Goode, who claimed to be a middle-weight champion of England, Chas. E. Davies, of Chicago, who brought Cardiff into prominence, offered to wager \$1,000 that Sullivan could not stop the Peoria Giant in four three-minute rounds.

Judging from the reports of the affair Cardiff had the best of the encounter, and no matter whether Sullivan was not in proper condition or whether he injured his arm, as claimed, it would have only been fair for the referee to decide that Cardiff, according to the conditions of the match, fairly won. If a fair decision had been rendered by the referee, there would have been more satisfaction over the contest and its results, and would in no way have robbed the emperor of his many victories, as he injured his arm during the first round of the battle.

There is no stipulation made in either Queensberry, London Prize Ring, or "Police Gazette" rules whereby if a pugilist dislocates his shoulder, or breaks a finger or any of his limbs, that if his opponent demonstrates his superiority that the contest should be declared a draw.

Pat Sheedy, Sullivan's backer and manager, writes that Sullivan had decidedly the best of the contest, and that Sullivan broke his arm in the first round, and if it had been any other boxer but Sullivan he would have quit there and then.

OUR PICTURES.

The Chief Events of the Week Pictorially
Delineated.

Women Rescued Through the Windows.

Fire was discovered at 6:30 the evening of Jan. 18 on the second floor of 208 Fourth street, Des Moines, Ia. The first floor was occupied by McTord & Works, retail furniture dealers, and the second and third were divided into apartments as an annex to a hotel on the European plan. The flames spread so rapidly that the escape of several women, occupants of the rooms, was cut off, but by heroic efforts of the firemen they were taken out the third story windows and landed safely on the pavement.

A Pugilistic Reporter.

J. Austin Fynes, a reporter on the Boston Herald, got into a dispute on an East Boston ferryboat with "Barney" McDonogh, a saloon keeper, over something McDonogh said had been printed in relation to himself. After berating each other for a time quite loudly, Fynes struck McDonogh and the latter retaliated by hitting Fynes. The blows then began to fall with considerable frequency and blood was drawn by both contestants. Then the men clinched and went to the floor together, each getting in a blow on his antagonist whenever and wherever he could. The spectators then tried to stop them, but they were evidently determined to have it out then and there and would not be separated. When the boat had finally made the slip McDonogh, who was pretty well used up, sought retirement in a neighboring saloon, while Fynes was so unrepresentable that he remained on the boat and returned to East Boston to obtain a change of clothing, his garments being literally covered with blood.

Saved by a Rattlesnake.

A strange story comes from Brevard County, Fla. Mr. John Leonard says that near him lives a family named Belden. They had a daughter, a girl of 13 years old, who had formed an attachment for a big rattlesnake, which would come and go at her bidding and nestle in her lap. The reptile was fond of the girl, and would allow her to strike it and roll it about as she pleased. The girl was playing in some bushes near the house, with the snake in her lap. A negro saw the child, and, thinking she was unprotected, slipped upon her, seized her in his arms, and was bearing her off into the woods, with his hand pressed over her mouth to stifle her cries. The snake crawled from the folds of her dress, crept around the brute's arm, and struck him on the neck, hissing in rage. The negro dropped the girl and dashed the snake against a tree. The girl ran screaming toward her home. The negro went only a few yards before he was overcome by the poison, and died shortly after in great agony.

Sleeping in a Room with his Murdered Wife.

William Agnew, of Palmyra, N. J., went home from a ball with his wife a week ago, and after some angry words picked up a rocking chair and dealt her several blows on the head, crushing in her skull. He then carried her up stairs to bed and she died that night, and Agnew remained about the house and slept in the same room with the murdered woman until Jan. 12, when the body was discovered. Agnew was arrested and locked up. He has confessed, saying he committed the deed while drunk, and that he was prompted by jealousy. Agnew said: "Both my wife and I were drunk. My wife was very abusive when she had liquor in her. She began to quarrel about something and scratched my face. Then I hit her with the rocking chair, which broke all up in my hands. I went up stairs and lay down on the bed. The next morning I discovered she was dead. I then carried her up stairs and put her in bed and covered her over, and began to think of what I should do. The more I thought the more unsettled I became. Every night I went up stairs and lay on the edge of the bed beside her. I expected to be arrested. I knew she would be missed. Several people came and asked about her. I never would have done this had I not been in liquor."

She Fled in the Night.

People in Wolcott, a small village near Lyons, N. Y., were aroused early the morning of Jan. 11 by the ringing of church and fire bells. In a few minutes the whole village was thrown into intense excitement by the news of the disappearance of Miss Belle Booth, daughter of Deputy Sheriff Borden Booth. Scores of men and boys, notwithstanding the cold and the deep snow, immediately started out and scoured the surrounding country in search of her. Hours have been spent in the search and no trace of her has yet been found. Miss Booth is twenty years of age and particularly handsome. She has been ill for several months and has remained quietly at home during that time. She disliked gentlemen's company, so that the theory of elopement is not believed, and all idea of suicide is scouted. It is surmised that she dressed herself some time during the night and stole quietly from her father's house; but from the time that she crossed the threshold nothing has been learned of her.

Crawling Out of the Jaws of Death.

At Albion, Noble county, Ind., Jan. 14, John Tobin, while in a drunken fit, knocked his wife insensible, and then, apparently thinking he had killed her, carried her body to the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad track, leaving it to be run over by a train. Mrs. Tobin recovered consciousness and managed to crawl into town, where she told her story. Tobin was arrested.

A Chestnut Goat.

Mr. John Bissenger, of the Manor Hotel, Lancaster, Pa., drops us a line as follows: No doubt you have seen a great many "Chestnut bells." Allow me to describe the one I am using. It is a novelty. On the top of my beer box I have a stuffed goat standing, facing the bar, life size. I have a wire attached to a ring, which passes through the nose of the goat. The wire passes down the side of the beer box and is attached to a tangle under the bar. When you pull the wire the head of the goat moves down and bellers like a goat. Hence the chestnut bell. Last Wednesday a would-be duder was standing at the bar telling a snake story, which happened to be a "ches," the bell was pulled. He looked at all the listeners, but kept on with his story. It was pulled again. At last he espied it and said "I've seen men who would make a cow laugh but I'm the first mortal ever made a goat laugh."

THIS WICKED WORLD.

A Few Samples of Man's Duplicity and Woman's Worse than Weakness.



Mrs. Druce.

Mrs. Druce—if Gov. Hill does not interfere—will be the only woman hanged in Central New York for the last forty years. She was convicted a year ago of the murder of her husband, at Warren, Herkimer county. Her execution is set down for Friday, Jan. 21, and will no doubt be the big sensation of the upper section of this State.

A STRANGE DEATH.

[Subject of Illustration.]

"Good-night, daughter," said the Rev. John R. Paxton, as he kissed the forehead of Rebecca Paxton in the parlor of his residence, No. 51 West Forty-sixth street, on Sunday night week.

"Good-night, papa," answered Rebecca, and, excusing herself from the company present, the pretty girl of sixteen retired to her room on the second floor.

One hour later the reverend gentleman bade "good night" to his guests and sought his own sleeping apartments. To do this he had to pass Rebecca's door. He saw through the fanlight that the gas burned brightly and divined that his daughter had not retired and was probably reading.

"Rebecca! Rebecca!"

But there was no response from within.

The door was pushed open only to disclose a distressing spectacle to the fond parent. Against the wall in almost a sitting position was the suspended form of the young girl cold in death. She had died from strangulation, accidentally inflicted.

Three months ago the family physician suggested an apparatus to be used by Rebecca, who suffered from curvature of the spine. It was a "pulley" instrument and was attached to the wall of the room. At one end of the rope were fastened braces to go under the chin and behind the head. When the loops are properly adjusted the rope is pulled downward, and this forces the head erect and gives extension and rest to the spine.

Rebecca Paxton was in the habit of exercising with the apparatus every night, but always with the assistance of a maid servant. On Sunday night the servant was absent and Miss Rebecca thought she could operate the device successfully without any help. She attended service in her father's church (the Forty-second street Presbyterian Church) and walked home with the family in the best of spirits. Her improved condition, it is thought, made her overconfident and induced her to take her customary exercise alone. Through some false movement the brace supporting the chin slipped across the throat upon pulling the rope and shut life off without giving the young girl an opportunity to make any outcry. Death must have come quickly and quietly. There was no indication of struggling. She looked as though her feet became helpless and she fell backward with the noose pressing about her neck.

The Rev. Mr. Paxton loosened the brace from his daughter's neck and caught up her body in his arms. But it was only a corpse he handled, for life had already departed. He laid the body tenderly on the bed and then gave way to his grief, while other members of the family were summoned. Mrs. Paxton is away on a visit, but her sister happened to be present and was with the father when the sad accident was discovered.

Immediate friends and relatives of the family called upon them at the house and offered condolence. The sad event was talked of by the congregation, and many expressions of sympathy were sent to the bereaved family. The father of the dead girl was entirely prostrated and did not see any callers. He remained in retirement during the day and only appeared when asked to make a statement to the Coroner regarding his daughter's death. Deputy Coroner Jenkins, who made the medical examination, said that in his opinion the young girl must have swooned while exercising and in this way strangled herself.

Coroner Levy thereupon granted a certificate announcing death to be due to accidental asphyxiation.

WHAT IS SHE?

[Subject of Illustration.]

For several weeks the people of Belleville, N. J., have been discussing a mystery. The town officers had been told by a colored girl that a young woman was kept a prisoner in the residence of Edward McConkie on William street, near Main street, and that she was chained to the floor and being starved to death.

Frances Oliver and Alice Brown, both colored, had worked in the house. Frank Oliver gave birth to a child and she was retained in the house. Several weeks ago she quitted the place, and told Overseer of the Poor Jeroleman that Mrs. McConkie refused to give up her child. At the same time the girl told about

the woman chained in the room. Squire Sandford had received a note from an anonymous person giving the same information. Mr. Mooney, the newsdealer also called and told him the colored girl's story. She had described the woman in the darkened room as twenty years old and so emaciated that she resembled a skeleton.

No action was taken by the town authorities, for they thought they had no right to enter the house without more proof. In the meantime the girl had disappeared. She came to Newark, however, and told Justice Deans that she wanted Mrs. McConkie to surrender the baby. He notified that lady and a few days ago the colored child was given to its mother.

The other evening a reporter went to Belleville and heard the story from Squire Sandford, Overseer Jeroleman, Mr. Mooney and others. Nearly all the people had an exaggerated idea of the mystery. Ben Hand, the depot master, said that Mr. McConkie was a railroad contractor and a man of means. All the people in the house were brothers and sisters-in-law. Members of the McCaull Opera Company had visited the house, and Mr. Hand said he knew the family and did not believe that any woman was their prisoner.

The reporter visited the McConkie house, a large two-story and attic frame house. In the front yard are a number of tall pines. Some of the windows had closed shutters, and the one of the mysterious room looked as if it had not been opened for years.

A pert lad opened the door and called down stairs to "Puss" when Mrs. McConkie was asked for. She entered the parlor where several young men were playing chess. Three handsome ladies were there also. They were Mrs. McConkie's sisters and sister-in-law. She is a handsome woman about thirty-five years old and has brown hair. She and all in the room ridiculed the story told by the colored woman, and after a chat escorted the reporter upstairs and opened all the rooms but one. She showed the room in which the prisoner was said to be, but the reporter saw no object in it. He was told that one of the ladies was in the closed room and that it was not in condition to be seen.

Mrs. McConkie spoke of prominent New York people as her friends, and said that the Belleville folks were beneath her notice. Detectives from Newark and Superintendent Yatman, of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children had, she said, visited the house and inspected every room.

Detectives Reever, of Public Prosecutor Keur's office, and Glori and Wambold, of this city, were the detectives who called at the house. The two latter said that when they called at the house last New Year's Day they were kindly received by Mr. McConkie. He requested them to wait a few minutes because his wife was ill in her room, which adjoins the sitting-room.

When the detectives visited the room they were shown, lying in bed beside Mrs. McConkie, a girl who was a terrible monstrosity. Her features were like those of an animal and Detective Glori said he had never seen such a hideous creature.

After some talk Mr. McConkie said plainly that the object was his child, whereupon his wife became angry. The detectives visited the room where the colored woman had the girl chained to the floor to keep her from escaping and was fed on bread and water. They say that it was a filthy place and an old mattress lay upon the uncarpeted floor. The colored girl had said to the court officers that she slept on the mattress in the kitchen for months and that she saw the girl chained to the floor.

A TERRIBLE ADVENTURE.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The Leadville Herald Democrat tells the following story of a "snowbird's" terrible adventure: The most thrilling episode that ever connected itself with the annals of the High Line was enacted at Climax, the little station that perches upon the pinnacle of the great continental divide. It is customary for the snow birds to mount a through freight train that passes the point at noon of each day, whence they are freighted to Boise, an unpretentious station at which the boarding house stands.

At Climax the snow has been tossed and drifted into towering barricades by the tempests that never cease, and on each side the track is embraced by huge banks that are packed almost as hard as granite. Upon these banks the men were standing on Tuesday last, the tidings of another square meal being waited over the snowy surface from the big bell and rattle of the locomotive's powerful drivers. Like so many birds the men began to flock upon the cars.

When the wheels began to revolve there was a desperate shriek from beneath and the engineer reared his lever. The train, however, was on a precipitous down grade and continued, its roar being all the while mingled with the most heart-rending cries. Strong men stood in their places aghast. In fancy the most horrible spectacle of a crushed companion appeared, and not until the train paused and he crawled from beneath the wheels did they breathe. The victim had miraculously moved along with his feet braced against the trucks of the car, while his back, which was resting on the snow, glided over it with the terrific motion of a mountain train on the down grade.

The only injuries sustained was a badly lacerated shoulder, while his garments were not improved in appearance. That he escaped instant death is indeed a marvel of good luck, while it would be vanity to undertake to depict the sensations of the victim as he shot with the speed of the mogul several hundred yards over the ice-paved ties, expecting at each moment to be launched into eternity.

A HORRIBLE CASE.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Armour, Dakota, people experienced a sensation last Saturday week which, for a time, caused a furor of excitement, and on the one hand there were expressions of sympathy, while on the other there came words of angry denunciation. It is the very peculiar and shameful treatment in a termination of the sad and unfortunate experience of a young girl who had placed too much confidence in a villainously though pretended lover, under promise of marriage. Miss Christine Hansen, a Dane girl, about 24 years of age, was doing domestic work for the Jenkins boarding house, at which place she had been for some two or three weeks, when on Saturday about 11 A. M., while busy with the morning's work, was suddenly taken sick, and while in the first stages of confinement was ordered to leave the house. The unfortunate girl having no home and no one she knew of to call her friend, or of whom to ask assistance, she started down the railroad track, hoping to reach acquaintances near Delmont, but before she had gone three-quarters

of a mile the child was born. There the girl was alone under a bridge, no home, no friends, no clothing and what could she do with the child? Half frightened to insanity, she partially covered the child with dirt, and journeyed on. A short time after the girl had left town the news got out of her treatment at the boarding house, and the condition in which she left, and parties with kind hearts started in pursuit. The child was found while yet alive and carried to Dr. Beard's office, but soon after died. Some four or five miles out of town the mother was found half wild with misery and in a critical condition. She was brought back to town and given pleasant quarters at the Adams house, and though thought very dangerous for some time she is now gaining and will soon recover. The authorities held an inquest over the child, but the verdict that it came to its death by exposure and neglect, but attaching no blame to the mother. The sad predicament when an unfortunate girl in the heat of the sorest distress is driven from shelter and protection to the cold prairie by people who pretend to be respectable.

CHICAGO POLICE STOP A FUNERAL.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The afternoon of Jan. 12 the neighborhood of No. 533 Larrabee street, Chicago, was surprised at seeing the funeral of a girl known as Lucy Krug stopped by the police as it was about to leave the house. Soon after detectives and Deputy Coroner Barrett and his assistants arrived on the scene. The cause of the action of the officers was the suspicious circumstances surrounding the death of Lucy, who was a good-looking girl of nineteen. In September, 1885, Lawrence Krug, a carpenter, was married to a Mrs. Heidelberg, and Lucy was her daughter. Krug and his bride started on a wedding trip to New York, he previously insuring his wife's life for \$1,000 in the Knights and Ladies of Honor. When on the wedding tour Mrs. Krug died, and Mr. Krug was married again in New York.

Mr. Krug had been at home but a few months when his second wife, whose life had also been insured in the same association, died. Two months after her death he married Mrs. Albertina Rohr, who was forty-six years old, nine years older than Krug. This was in September last. Six weeks later she was attacked with typhoid fever and died. The last Mrs. Krug was also insured in the Knights and Ladies of Honor. Some comment was made at the time and suspicions were aroused by her death by the fact of the insurance, which was made out to her daughter, Mrs. Charles Anderson. Krug was not satisfied until he had forced Mrs. Anderson to make over her claims on the insurance to him.

Lucy Heidelberg, or Krug, as she was generally called, was insured in the same association and the policy was made payable to her stepfather, Krug. He was placed under surveillance. Dr. Blumhardt will make a post-mortem examination on the body.

RIOT IN PLEASANT VALLEY.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The strike at the Pleasant Valley, Pa., mines of the Hillside Coal Company, which has been in progress since October last, caused another riot the evening of Jan. 12. The company has put a number of men at work in the mines which are guarded by armed men. The strikers have several times interfered with the new men, and this afternoon Superintendent Dolphin swore out a warrant for the arrest of Joseph Ward, one of the strikers, for interfering with the new men.

When the miners stopped work at four o'clock Dolphin with a posse of a dozen officers and men, marched into Pleasant Valley, and, going to Ward's house, arrested him. Within ten minutes a crowd of over one thousand people gathered, and, as the officers took their prisoner down to the justice's office, they were surrounded by a howling mob, who pelted them with stones and snow balls. The mob burst into the Squire's office and broke up the trial of the case, releasing the prisoner.

The officers then attempted to retreat to the railroad station, but were attacked by the mob, and a lively riot took place all down the street. Several shots were fired and stones and all sorts of missiles were hurled at the officers, who were roughly handled, though no one was seriously hurt. The crowd were trying to get at Dolphin, vowing to kill him. The officers did not use their pistols. They took refuge in a hotel, which the crowd attacked and stoned, breaking every window in the building.

The officers finally got down to the depot and took the train for Scranton. Serious trouble may break out at any moment, as the feeling of the miners is very high.

A LOVER'S DOUBLE CRIME.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Valcen Benn, twenty two years of age, killed his sweetheart, Clara Carter, seventeen years old, and then attempted to blow out his own brains at New Orleans, Jan. 11. The preceding night Benn, who lives in a neighboring parish, called to see the girl who was at domestic service in the city. He strove to induce her to leave her place of employment and return to her country home. This the girl refused to do, and Benn left the house in an angry mood. He returned next afternoon, and met the girl in the presence of her mistress. He again urged her to return to the country, and again she refused to do so. Mrs. Reed, the girl's employer, noticing a strange gleam in Benn's eyes, became alarmed and asked him what he was going to do. For reply he drew a revolver and once more asked the girl if she would go back home. Meeting another refusal the maddened man thrust the weapon in her face and discharged the weapon twice. The girl fell dead at his feet with a bullet in the brain. Glancing at his victim for a moment, Benn put the still smoking revolver to his own head and pulled the trigger. The ball did not enter his brain, but it stunned him, and he fell across the dead body of his victim. He was picked up and taken to the Second precinct, where the hospital students dressed his wounds. He was then locked up, charged with murder.

HARRY BETHUNE.

[With Portrait.]

In this issue we publish a portrait of Harry Bethune, who is the fastest sprinter in this country. He is open to run any man in the world and his backers are Duncan C. Ross of Cleveland, and C. B. Hamey of New Philadelphia, O. Bethune has won numerous races and some time ago defeated H. M. Johnson, who has made a record of 100 yards in 9-8 seconds.

OUR PORTRAITS.

The Men and Women Who Find Pictorial Fame in These Columns.



Walter J. Van Derslice, whose portrait we give above, is proprietor of the well known news stand on Adams street, Chicago, opposite the Post Office and Cannon House. He has been interested in the book, news and stationery business for the past five or six years. His first experience was with the old firm of Pierce & Snyder, for whom he served four years as clerk. About two years ago they bought the old Edinburgh stand on Adams street, and transferred it to Mr. Van Derslice. Those who know "Van" best look upon his rise from clerk to proprietor of this now important concern, in one year and a half as not surprising. He worked his way up by industry and energy. Mr. Van Derslice is a young man of only 21 years of age. His possessions have been earned by himself. During the time of the Haymarket riots, illustrated in this paper, he sold over 500 copies of one issue. Walter is well known at the many Orphans' Homes and similar institutions, where he has frequently sent packages of papers and magazines. In fact everybody in Chicago knows "Van."

James Carney.

A full description of this promising young pugilist will be found in another column.

Joe Taylor.

In this issue we publish a portrait of Joe Taylor, of Portland, Oregon, one of the noted sporting men of that city. He is a great patron of sports and a great admirer of Jack Dempsey, the middle-weight champion.

Charles Green.

Charles Green confesses to the horrible butchery of a colored man, Edward Nickens, a barber at Denver, Col. Both men were jealous of Kitty Roberts, a white woman. The killing has been the talk of the town for the past two weeks.

Edward McGee and Mrs. Little.

We publish on another page of this issue the portraits of Edward McGee, who is said to be the husband of the famous Mrs. McGee of the Bunnell affair, and Mrs. Frederick Little, who, it is alleged, have eloped from Birmingham, Conn., under rather suspicious circumstances.

Roundsmen Montgomery.

We publish on one of our illustrated pages of this issue an excellent portrait of the late Roundsmen Montgomery from a portrait by Mackey of Third Avenue. The daily papers have told in full how the worthy officer was shot down in this city by patrolman Rourke, who will shortly be tried for murder.

Dr. Joshua N. Doyle.

Dr. Doyle, twenty years ago, killed James Deutsch, a barber, in a quarrel in the latter's shop at Eppingham, Ill. Doyle was a school teacher at the time of the murder. He made his escape with some other prisoners from the jail. The accused located himself as a practicing physician at Linden, Perry County, Tenn. He built up a large business and became quite prominent in affairs. Several attempts have been made to arrest him, but he always eluded the officers with a shotgun, until at last he was captured by Detective H. J. White, with the assistance of Capt. W. J. Overton, at the Maxwell House at Nashville, Tenn., a few days ago. His capture has caused a great sensation.

Rev. C. B. Seals.

Miss Fannie Matthews, who eloped with Rev. C. B. Seals, of East Lynn, Ill., has been placed in her mother's care by the Pinkerton Detective Agency. Seals, who was fifty years old, had a wife and family, and was highly esteemed as a pastor. His victim was but twenty years old.

The pastor gained the permission of Mr. and Mrs. Matthews to allow Fannie to be his amanuensis, a position which she occupied for some time, but at last went away from East Lynn to visit some friends. The pastor disappeared a few days later, and suspicion was aroused for the first time. The matter was placed in the Pinkertons' hands, and descriptions of the couple were scattered over the country. One of these was received by an officer in Alma, Ark., who recognized the description as that of Rev. Charles Brady, who had preached there several times. Miss Matthews was living in Alma as his daughter. A detective and Fannie's mother went to Alma, but the couple had flown.

Seals, alias Brady, found out that he was being shadowed and left, and the detectives found that the couple had gone to St. Louis and thence to Canada. Supt. Robertson notified his operatives at London, Canada, and Seals and his victim were arrested when they stepped from the train. The pastor was allowed to go and the girl was brought back to Chicago, where she was joined by her mother, who took her back to East Lynn.



SHE FLED IN THE NIGHT.
PRETTY BELLE BOOTH VANISHES FROM HER HOME AT WOLOOTT, N. Y.



HIS DOUBLE CRIME.
VALCEN BENN, A TWENTY-SEVEN-YEAR-OLD CREOLE, KILLS HIS SWEETHEART
AND THEN PISTOLS HIMSELF.



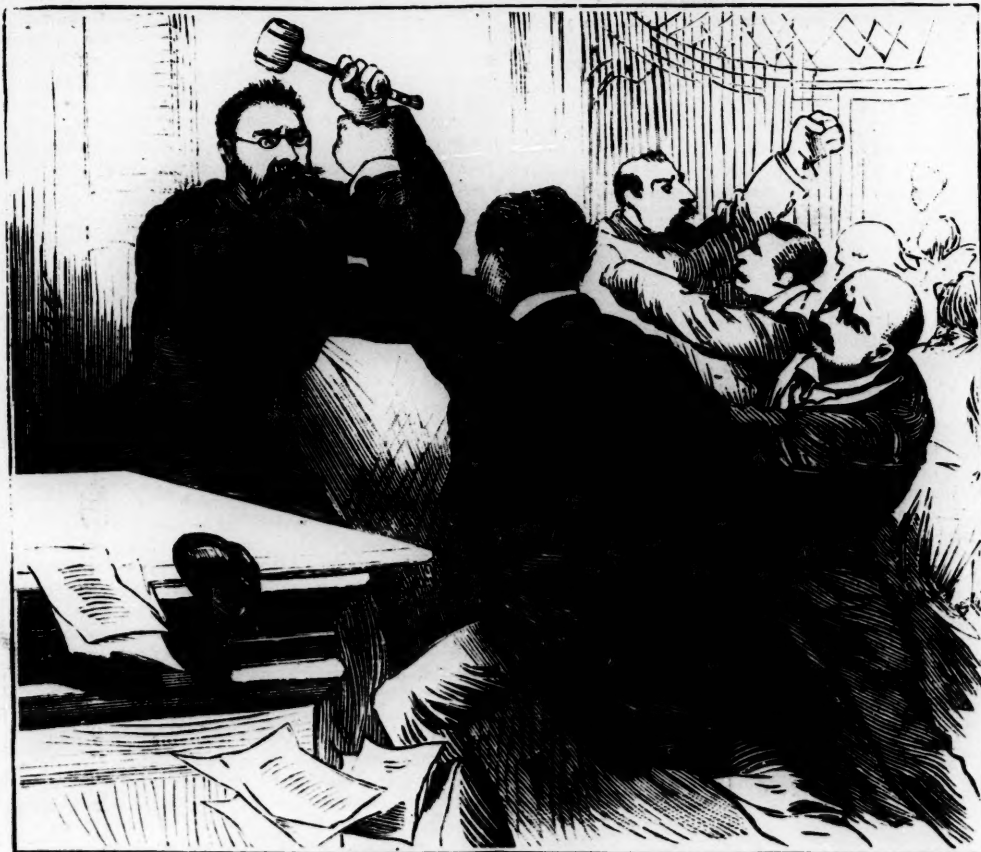
DAN MORRIARITY, THE SWITCHMAN. FRED WITTROCK, ALIAS JIM CUMMINGS.
W. H. HAIGHT, THE EX-MESSENGER. TOM WEAVER, ALIAS JIM CUMMINGS.
THE "JIM CUMMINGS" GANG.



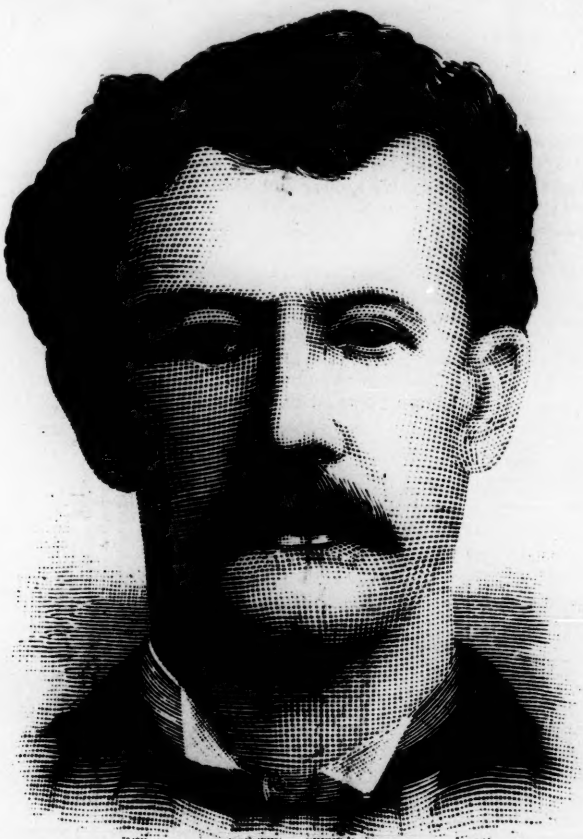
FLORENCE MILLER,
THE CHARMING SOUBRETTE OF THE RILEY AND WOOD'S VAUDEVILLE SHOW.



HE DRAWS THE LINE AT CHESTNUTS.
A GOAT WHICH SHUTS UP STORY TELLERS AT THE MANOR HOTEL, LANCASTER, PA.



NEW JERSEY SLUGGERS.
HOW THE MEMBERS OF THE ASSEMBLY SMASH EACH OTHER AND THE POLICE
ARE OBLIGED TO CALL "TIME."



EDWARD MCGEE,
WHO IS ACCUSED OF SKIPPING OFF WITH MRS. FRED LITTLE,
BIRMINGHAM, CONN.



MRS. FRED LITTLE,
WHO, IT IS ALLEGED, HAS ELOPED WITH ED. MCGEE FROM BIR-
MINGHAM, CONN.



REV. C. B. SEALS,
THE SAINTLY MARRIAGE WHO TOOK MISS MATTHEWS FROM HER
HOME, EAST LYNN, ILL.



THEY STOOD BY THEIR OWN.

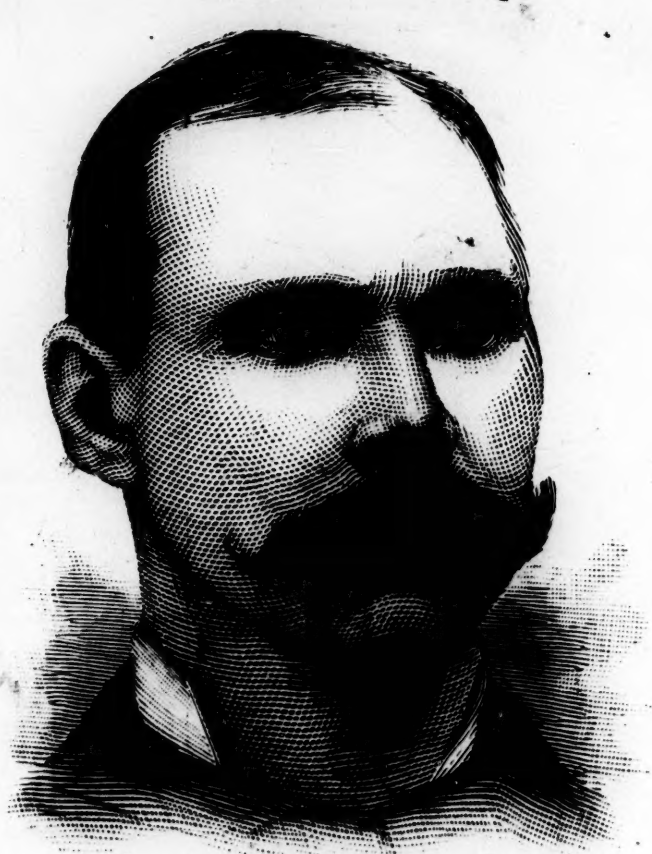
THE STRIKING COAL MINERS OF PLEASANT VALLEY, PA., MAKE A COURAGEOUS FIGHT FOR THEIR CAPTURED FELLOW WORKMEN.



DR. JOSHUA N. DOYLE,
ARRESTED FOR A MURDER WHICH HAPPENED TWENTY YEARS
AGO, FERRY CO., TENN.



CHARLES GREEN,
WHO KILLED BARBER EDWARD NICKENS FOR A WHITE WOMAN
AT DENVER, COLORADO.



ROUNDSMAN ROBERT A. MONTGOMERY,
WHO WAS COWARDLY SHOT DOWN BY PATROLMAN BOURKE IN
THIS CITY.

A SILKEN ROPE

The Gaudy Noose With Which
Thomas J. Cluverius
Was Strangled
to Death.

SERVED HIM RIGHT.

One of the Cowardliest and Most In-
human of Recent Murderers
Expiates His Crime at
Richmond, Va.

Our correspondent at Richmond, Va., and our special artist have supplied us with the following vivid description of the last hours of Cluverius, the murderer recently hung in that city:

Mr. Beverley Crump, of counsel for the prisoner, was seen to go to the jail several times. Shortly after 11 o'clock he returned to the prison and told Cluverius that he had just seen the Governor, and that he would see him again Friday morning, and that there was nothing to expect so far as he could see. Sergeant Smith and Deputy Macon were present in the cell of the prisoner at the time, and remained with him until about 9 o'clock Friday morning.

The prisoner was calm, cool and collected, and did not lie down to rest until 6 o'clock. Most of his time he spent in writing. He slept well, but was roused by



Preparing for the execution.

some conversation about 7. He then turned over on his iron cot and inquired the time, then fell into a dose again, from which he was awakened about 8.

Captain Frank Cunningham, of whom the prisoner had become very fond, remained with him until 1 o'clock Friday morning at the prisoner's request, and sang during the evening several hymns and secular songs. Among them were "How Firm a Foundation, Ye Saints of the Lord," "Jesus is Calling for Thee," "Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me," "Home, Sweet Home," and "Home of the Soul."

During the night Deputy Macon asked Cluverius if he would like some whisky, as a sort of stimulant. Cluverius replied, "I believe I will take a little," and he drank the dram handed him. This was the first liquor he had drunk since his incarceration. He smoked several cigars, which he seemed to enjoy very much. During the last few weeks he became quite addicted to smoking—more than usual—and it seemed to quiet his nerves.

About 12:30 o'clock Sergeant Smith came into the



His last cigar.

corridor and spoke to the prisoner's friend, Mr. Richardson, telling him to bring in the suit of clothes, as it was time to dress the doomed man for execution.

The clothes were handed the prisoner, and with a little assistance from Mr. A. W. Dunn, who was the prisoner's "death watch," he dressed himself, after washing his face and brushing his hair.

While the prisoner was making his toilet Mr. Crump and Dr. Hatcher left the cell and stopped out-

side for a moment or two in conversation. The faces of both of them betrayed excitement, which they struggled to repress and hide. When Cluverius had dressed they returned to the room. Soon afterward Mr. Crump took his final leave.

The occupants of the cell then were Dr. Hatcher, Sergeant Smith, Deputy Macon, Mr. Dunn and the prisoner. Several prayers were offered, Dr. Hatcher leading.

After prayers were over Deputy Allen entered with the black waterproof gown and a couple of stout ropes. The prisoner's hands were tied in front of him, and the gown was wrapped around him, covering him



Going to the scaffold.

from the neck to below his knees. His soft, drab-colored hat was placed upon his head slightly to one side.

The march to the gallows was then begun. Mr. Dunn threw wide open the big, ponderous doors, and the party emerged into the passage in the following order:

First, Deputy-Sergeant Macon.

Second, Sergeant Smith and the prisoner.

Third, Dr. Hatcher, Deputy-Sergeant Allen.

At the head of the steps leading down to the jail-yard the procession was augmented by Captain Pleasant of the First police station, and three police officers.

As the cortege slowly and silently moved down the two flights of stairs the populace outside caught a glimpse of the prisoner, and set up a loud yell.

Reaching the jail-yard, the procession passed by a line of police, which had been stationed there to keep the crowd back.

Entering the court—a walled space 15x120 feet—the procession passed along to the gallows, and ascended



On the gallows.

It in the order begun at the prisoner's cell, Deputy Macon leading.

When the scaffold was reached the orator was broken and Deputy Macon led with the prisoner, who ascended the sixteen steps with a firm tread and no wavering, immediately after him. Then came Dr. Hatcher, Sergeant Smith, and Deputy-Sergeant Allen. Cluverius walked to the trap door, and stood in the centre of it, directly under the bright silk rope which was soon to end his existence.

Dr. Hatcher took a stand on the right corner of the scaffold to the front of Cluverius, and Mr. Smith in the opposite corner. Macon stood directly to Cluverius' left, and Allen back of Macon. Cluverius faced the crowd, but did not lift his eyes from the floor. Prisoner wore a very solemn, sad face, but evinced no

nervousness. He appeared to be resigned to his fate. When everything became settled Sergeant Smith took from his pocket a sheet of legal-cap paper, and in a clear and distinct voice read the death-warrant, as follows:

"Thomas J. Cluverius, I hold in my hand the judgment and sentence of the Hustings Court of the city of Richmond, rendered on the 9th day of October, 1886, which is as follows: It is considered by the Court that the said Thomas J. Cluverius be hanged by the neck until he be dead. And it appearing that the day heretofore fixed by this court for the execution of its judgment and sentence rendered on the 19th day of June

1886, has passed, it is ordered that the Sergeant of this city cause execution of the sentence aforesaid to be done upon the said Thomas J. Cluverius by hanging by the neck until he be dead on Friday, the 10th day of December, 1886, between the hours of 9 o'clock in the morning and 6 o'clock in the afternoon of that day, at some convenient place at or near the city jail, and only in the presence of such officers of the law as may be necessary to see the sentence of the court is properly carried into effect.

"Through the clemency of the Governor of this State, witnessed by this warrant, dated the 9th day of December, 1886, which I also hold in my hand, your execution on the 10th day of December, 1886, was respite until this day; and nothing further having been received by the Sergeant of this city in delay thereof, the sentence of the court will now be carried into effect."

While Mr. Smith read the paper death-like silence pervaded the enclosure, but the mumbling of voices on the outside was perceptible. When the Sergeant finished reading he turned to the prisoner and, in an undertone, asked if he wished to say anything. He looked up into the Sergeant's face and, with a pleasant expression of countenance, but with quivering lips, said, in a tone which was scarcely audible to those nearest him, "No; I do not wish to say anything."

"Not a word?" queried the Sergeant.

"No, sir," he replied.

Sergeant Smith then stood back and motioned to Dr. Hatcher, who stepped forward and said, "Let us pray." The Doctor with his hat in his hand, knelt down and in a clear voice and earnest manner prayed.

As Dr. Hatcher stepped forward Deputy Allen lifted Cluverius' hat off and laid it on the railing of the scaffold. All during the prayer, which lasted about four minutes, Cluverius held his head down with his eyes closed, and showed no other emotion than an unusual quiver or tremor about his eyelids.

to accompany Dr. Hatcher to the prison door, and see him through the crowd, and he left.

Mr. Smith then shook hands with the prisoner and bade him a final farewell. They said nothing but "Good-bye."

Sergeant Macon held the skirt of the cloak which was around Cluverius out of the way, and Mr. Allen plucked his legs together, using a piece of common rope, which was tied around his legs just below the knees. When this was being done not a muscle in the prisoner's limbs could be seen to move.

Deputy-Sergeant Allen, after tying Cluverius' legs, put the black silk cap, which had a long hood or skirt coming down over his face and touching the shoulder, on his head, and adjusted the silk rope about his neck leaving the knot just back of his left ear. He then retired, and left only Deputy-Sergeant Macon on the scaffold, and he stood back of Cluverius, so that he could not see the prisoner's face.

This was an awful time. Here stood a man of twenty-five years of age, educated, well raised, and who



The strangling Ro. Ko.

two years ago had a promising future, and was looked upon as a man of honor and a Christian. Now he stood upon the gallows a condemned murderer about to expiate his crime by dying the most disgraceful of all deaths. He stood it with wonderful courage. The iron nerve which had characterized him during the whole time of twenty-two months since the murder was committed and he was arrested seemed to be still with him, and he faced this awful end without flinching. When the black cap was being put on his head his face turned redder than it has ever been seen before, but still he did not even shudder.

At 8 minutes past 1 o'clock Deputy-Sergeant Macon gave a signal, and Deputy-Sergeant Johnson, who was concealed in the fourth cell from the east end of the lower floor of the prison, which is just back of where the scaffold stood, jerked the cord. The bolt and all parts of the gallows which were to move had been well greased, and they worked perfectly.

As the cord was drawn the bolt drew out and the trap-door fell. Thomas Judson Cluverius was no more. He shot through the opening made by the springing of the door like a bullet from a rifle. He whirled around about seven or eight times until the rope was straight, and then for about five seconds stood suspended in midair as if life was extinct. Then there commenced a slight twitching of his feet and legs, which became more and more violent until they became like a severe spasm. His limbs would first draw up and then stretch out, and he kicked fiercely. The most horrifying sounds of choking and strangulation could be heard clearly all over the yard. This was kept up for



His female admirers.

several minutes, when it began to die down, and finally the body hung lifeless.

Three minutes after the drop Dr. W. T. Oppenheimer found that his pulse was 96; at six minutes it had increased to 130; at eight minutes it had fallen to 30, and at ten minutes it ceased to beat, and he was pronounced dead.

Sheriff Southward so adjusted the rope as to make the fall seven feet, but the distance from the scaffold to the ground was eleven feet. The rope stretched at least three feet, as the prisoner's feet reached within ten or twelve inches of the ground. The rope continued to stretch, and when Cluverius was pronounced dead the toe of his right shoe was brushing the sawdust, which was about a quarter of an inch deep on the ground. The knot in the rope came very near coming untied, and failed to slip entirely. Had the noose slipped Cluverius' feet would in all probability have touched the ground before life was extinct. The gallows worked perfectly, but a silk rope is not good for hanging, if this one was a fair specimen.

As it took Cluverius ten minutes to die, many persons were inclined to the opinion that death was caused by strangulation instead of his neck being broken. Dr. Oppenheimer was asked about it. He said, from the examination that he had been able to make while the body was suspended, he had no doubt that the neck was broken.

FAIR FENCERS.

The Prevalent Craze for Sword Exercise Among Stage Favorites.

LANGTRY AS A LUNGER.

A Costume Which Displays Her Fine Sculptural Outlines to the Best Possible Advantage.

"Ah, madame, you will never make a fencer until you abandon those abominable heels." So saying, the fencing master laid aside his mask and pointed his foil, half scornfully, half sadly, at the little blocks which projected from a point near the middle of the soles of his pupil's slippers, and which had just tripped her up in a lunge. Even in her humiliating position—for she had completely lost her balance—the little actress whose fencing lesson was thus unseasonably interrupted, presented an uncommonly pleasing picture. Her cheek was flushed and her eyes were bright with the exhilaration of the exercise; the violence of the last lunge and its disastrous result had set a few locks of golden hair free, and the close-fitting costume displayed a figure every outline of which told of health and harmonious muscular development.

The costume was certainly one which would have gained the young woman applause on the stage. It consisted of a white flannel jacket, double breasted and padded across the chest to deaden the force of her assailant's thrusts. A white skirt, with blue and white stripes, reaching just to the knees, allowed the fullest freedom of movement. A pair of silk stockings, gloves with long gauntlets that protected the wrists, and the slippers with the offending heels completed the costume.

As may be supposed, the pupil did not have much difficulty in placating the offended master, and the lesson went on. But in future the high heels were discarded, and in their places came slippers without any heels at all, which are the only proper foot-gear for either man or woman while fencing. Soon the master was able to say with triumph of his pupil: "She handles the foil as naturally as if it were a needle. There are not many of my male pupils against whom I would not match her, if she only had their strength. It's a pity that more women don't fence. I like to teach them. Their movements are naturally more graceful than those of men, and it is easier to train them to execute thrusts with delicacy. But when it comes to an actual bout with the foils they lose their heads. Coolness and judgment are the essential characteristics of a good swordsman, and my experience in teaching women is that these are qualities which women do not possess in any high degree."

The number of women who handle the foils is larger than is generally supposed. Even in New York, where fencing has become a popular amusement only within the last few years, fencing masters find plenty of female pupils, although these are generally actresses. Actresses are credited, probably justly, with taking more care of their beauty than any other class of women. Now women who are really careful of their beauty should not neglect their health, and no exercise is more healthful than fencing. It makes the carriage erect and graceful; it gives suppleness and elasticity to the muscles; it has the exhilaration that makes exercise palatable—in fact, if a woman prizes a clear skin and a well-rounded figure, a foil and mask will prove her most effective aids; and this the young women of the stage have not been slow to discover.

Then, again, it not infrequently happens, that an actress is assigned to some part that requires her to make a display of swordsmanship on the stage. Then she goes to a fencing master, and after a few lessons, she is able to make a graceful exhibition out of what would otherwise have been a bungling and unsmooth scene.

In continental Europe the women are more fully awake to the advantages of fencing than they are in this country. The empress of Austria, whose daring horsemanship, love for dogs and general sporting proclivities are so well known, adds an admirable proficiency with the foils to her other accomplishments. All the fencing teachers of Paris have their feminine pupils, who are by no means restricted to the actresses. Young women of the highest classes in society fence as regularly as they ride or dance. In fact, it is not for a fencing lesson in the morning, many of them would feel less inclination to dance in the evening.

No actual duel between women is on record, notwithstanding the notorious painting of "An Affair of Honor," which ornamented the Paris saloon a couple of years ago. Nevertheless no one who knows the vagaries in which the women of the French capital sometimes indulge would be surprised to read of a sanguinary encounter between a pair of them at Vincennes or in the forest of St. Germain. Regis Senac, the genial fencing master of the New York Athletic Club, said the other day that he never had so many applications from women who wanted to take lessons as he has had since Mrs. Langtry became his pupil. M. Senac is not her first master; she has taken lessons in London, and is now more expert in the use of the foil than a woman often becomes. The writer was allowed to be present at one of her lessons not long ago. M. Senac comes to her house in West Twenty-third street every morning while she is in town. He is due at 10 o'clock. "And I," said Mrs. Langtry, "don't arise until he is announced, for you can imagine that sometimes it is a struggle to get up for a lesson, after having worked hard the evening before. But I find that I am the better all day for the exercise, so I summon up my courage and tumble into my costume."

Mrs. Langtry's costume consists of a close-fitting waistcoat of white buckskin, large baggy trousers of white flannel, that descend to the knee, and white stockings. She is too experienced a swordswoman to

think of indulging in any extravagances in the way of heels. She wears buckskin gloves, but if her master were not an extremely careful man, she would be obliged to wear a heavily padded glove, at least on her right hand; for one sometimes gets a rap with the foil over the knuckles that makes the whole arm tingle.

The first half of the lesson was just over when the writer was admitted the other morning. Mrs. Langtry had thrown a wrap over her shoulders as a protection after the heat of exercise, while Senac was pacing the floor in all the glory of a black velvet costume. After a few minutes of rest work was resumed, and the famous beauty rubbed the rosin on her sola, put on her mask and fell into position, with the left arm gracefully extended—all as naturally as if she had been brought up in fencing rooms. Her motions had none of the wildness and looseness which characterize the efforts of a beginner. Every maneuver was clean-cut and precise. The play of her foil was so small that, to use M. Senac's favorite simile, it could have been executed within the ring of a young girl. After about ten minutes of this exercise Mrs. Langtry claimed the right to another rest. When she had recovered breath she was eloquent in praise of fencing, and told what it did for her.

"Not only do I feel the good effects of my morning lesson all through the day," she said, "in a general toning up of the whole system, but I find that my fencing is particularly valuable to me in my profession. It gives me a control over my muscles and a suppleness that are invaluable on the stage."

M. Senac is as proud as a peacock of his pupil. He gives her lessons in single-stick as well, and an extremely pretty picture she makes, twirling her light cane about her head. She calls it the art of defending one's self with an umbrella. Senac wants her to give a public exhibition with the foils when she comes back to New York. Mrs. Langtry does not absolutely refuse, but she says that if she gives an exhibition only ladies will be admitted. Probably a good many men will feel inclined to put on petticoats for the occasion.

KILLED HIS HIRED GIRL.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Frances Fox, a woman of bad character, was found lying dead in a barn at Laurel Grove, two miles from Middletown, Conn., the night of Jan. 14. J. C. Safford was sitting in his office in Rockfalls when Napoleon B. Metcalf, his brother-in-law, and the woman's employer, rushed in and said that he had found Miss Fox dead in the barn near his house. She had left the house at 4 o'clock in the afternoon to do some chores, he said, and as she did not come back within an hour he went out to look for her, and found her lying on the barn floor gasping for breath, and everything showed that she had been assaulted and then shot. She died a moment or two after he found her.

Safford jumped into Metcalf's sleigh and drove to the latter's house to see if the story was true, for he thought he noticed something strange about Metcalf's manner. Then he drove to Middletown and brought Dr. Cleveland to the barn where the girl's body lay. He found that death had been caused by a bullet that entered her body just over the heart. No signs of any struggle or of any attempted assault could be seen either on the girl's clothing or on the floor of the barn. The appearance of her body, her clothes and the things about her seemed to indicate that she had been shot unexpectedly and fell in her tracks dead.

Dr. Cleveland questioned Metcalf closely, and then drove to Middletown to notify the police of what he had found. Officer Lewis was at once sent to Laurel Grove with a warrant for Metcalf's arrest. He found the latter pacing up and down his sitting room in his pleasant home, and when told that he was under arrest showed no surprise, but seemed to be thinking of something else. He was taken to the jail in Middletown and spent the night under watch in his cell, and in the morning pleaded not guilty to the charge of murder before Judge Caleb in the City Court.

Miss Fox, the murdered woman, was a pretty brunette, not over 30 years old, with sparkling black eyes, and a lovely figure. She had been a great social belle in early life, but of late years her reputation has not been good. About six months ago Metcalf, whose invalid wife then became bedridden, took Miss Fox from the almshouse, where she then was, and brought her to his home to be house-keeper, and take care of his wife while he was away at work. Metcalf's neighbors all agree that she has behaved very properly since she went to live with his family, and that she seemed to be wrapped up in her duties, trying to win their respect and the confidence of her new associates. When Metcalf was arrested, a revolver was found in his room with five chambers loaded and the other empty. He is about 40 years old, and came to Middletown several years ago from Vermont. He has always borne a very good reputation. He had been working at Middlefield until quite recently, but for some weeks he has been out of work.

There does not seem to be much doubt that Metcalf committed the murder, and that he was insane when he shot the girl. He has acted strangely of late, and to one or two persons he has said that the Knights of Labor were after him because he wouldn't join the order, and he feared they would kill him.

"That woman Fox," he said, "is a member, and they are going to make her poison me."

Metcalf recently went to Prosecuting Attorney Culver's office, and after telling this story he said that he had bought a pistol for his own protection, and when the time came he would use it. Culver tried to make him give up the idea, but that only made him more determined. The bullet which caused the woman's death came from a 32-calibre revolver, and the one found at Metcalf's house with one chamber empty was a cheap 32-calibre.

A COWARD'S DEED.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A large reward has been offered for the conviction of the miscreant who placed dynamite in the cook-stove of J. S. Clarke, of Tombstone, Arizona. The victim of the explosion was Mrs. Clarke, whose skull was fractured by a bit of the shattered stove.

BARNEY FARLEY.

[With Portrait.]

In this issue we publish a portrait of Barney Farley, the famous sporting man and boxer of San Francisco. Farley is one of the old-time boxers, once an opponent of Tommy Chandler. In his day Farley was one of the gamest and most determined pugilists that ever stood in the ring. In San Francisco he is very popular and greatly respected.

IS IT BLACKMAIL?

The people of Westchester county, N. Y., were excited when they learned that James Traphagen, one of the most widely-known and popular men of New Rochelle, had been arrested and held for examination on the charge of having deceived one of the handsomest and most widely-esteemed young ladies of East Chester, and with having subsequently been instrumental in having the young woman resort to illegal medical expedients.

Mr. Traphagen's complainant is Miss Ella M. Martin, the eldest daughter of James Martin, a prosperous gardener and farmer of East Chester. Miss Ella is about nineteen years of age, and before her trouble came upon her was generally conceded to be the handsomest of three daughters known in the region thereabouts as the "Three Graces."

Mr. Traphagen is about forty-five years old. He has always borne an unblemished reputation and has a very wide acquaintance throughout the State. It is said that his domestic relations have not been for some time of the happiest description, and that not long ago his wife, who is said to be a most estimable lady, began proceedings for a separation, but that the matter was amicably settled without the intervention of the court.

Mr. Traphagen has a carriage factory at New Rochelle and does a good business. He is said to be financially in very prosperous circumstances.

On the 6th inst. Miss Martin, accompanied by her father and her lawyers, Lawlor & Switz, of Mount Vernon, went before Justice Edmonds, of the same town, and swore out a warrant for Traphagen's arrest for the offence mentioned. Traphagen, it is said, on hearing that he was "wanted," at once came to Mount Vernon and gave himself up. He was, however, formally arrested by Deputy Sheriff Shute and arraigned before Judge Edmonds for examination. The examination was, however, postponed, and Frank Jarvis, a well-known lively stable keeper at New Rochelle went on his bond for \$1,500 for his appearance in court on the day of trial.

It was said that Judge Edmonds had also issued a warrant for the arrest of a notorious female doctor at East Chester who is alleged to have harbored Miss Martin for improper purposes at the instigation and expense of Mr. Traphagen. The doctress, it is alleged, in some mysterious way heard of the proposed legal steps and at once took French leave. Sheriff Shute said last night that he had been unable to locate the woman, although he had been diligently seeking her for some days.

Miss Martin's story is that one day about a year ago Traphagen called at her home while her parents were absent and succeeded in his purpose, having previously got the other two young ladies out of the way by inducing them to take his sleigh and drive to the village for taffy and caramels.

Their relations existed some time thereafter, the couple, as alleged, making frequent excursions to the metropolis. When Ella's condition became apparent Mr. Traphagen took her, as alleged, to the so-called doctress mentioned. Nevertheless, about a month ago a baby was born to Miss Martin.

Mr. Traphagen denies the truth of the charges in toto, and it was hinted by one of his friends that the charges were altogether unfounded and malicious. It is claimed that the charge of medical mal-treatment and the fact that Miss Martin became the mother of a lusty-lunked and high-kicking youngster are inconsistent and impossible.

It is said that Miss Martin's lawyers are about to bring a civil suit for damages against Mr. Traphagen.

A DUDE'S DAY.

[Subject of Illustration.]

On another page we illustrate the manner in which one of our would-be-English-you-knows passes his idle twenty-four hours. His valet dresses him and rubs him down in the morning. Then he breakfasts on an absent cocktail, and after rallying his energies takes a "prowl" down the Avenue. After lunch he drives aimlessly through the park, dines at eight, and at ten thirty hangs round the stage door of some comic opera house waiting for the ballet girl who enjoys his affections and squanders his income. At two next morning his valet puts him to bed again utterly oblivious of everything in this mortal world.

THE ST. LOUIS TRAGEDY.

Robert A. Steele, of the firm of Hull & Steele, St. Louis commission merchants, was shot and instantly killed the other morning by Yocatan R. Marsteller, a well known cattle trader. The shooting occurred at the Union Stock Yards, in North St. Louis. The only eye-witness of the killing was Frank Lewis, a young man who drives hogs about the yards. His statement is as follows:

"I was standing near the rear door of the scales office, about six feet from Steele and Marsteller. The two were leaning up against the rear of the building, Steele having his back to the building. I wasn't paying much attention to their talk and didn't notice what they were talking about until I heard Marsteller exclaim, 'You're a big lying cur and a dirty pup.' With that Steele hit him three times. He didn't succeed in knocking him down, and the two clinched in the corner up against the building. Suddenly Marsteller broke loose and started away. Steele made no effort to follow him and Marsteller walked deliberately away with his back to Steele until he had gone about twenty feet, when I saw him quickly throw open his coat and draw a revolver.

"Just then some one cried: 'He's going to shoot!'

"Several men who were standing near the office door threw it open and rushed inside. I was so startled by the sudden change in affairs that I just stood there. I guess I couldn't have moved if I'd wanted. Just as the door slammed behind the men who slipped into the office Marsteller wheeled around so as to face Steele, and aiming his revolver at him, said:

"Now, you take it back!"

"Steele never flinched, but, drawing himself up, said:

"No. Shoot if you want to."

"As the last word was uttered Marsteller fired, but his aim was too high and the bullet went into the ceiling. Steele never flinched then, either. He just moved down towards the smoking pistol, and didn't say a word.

"Marsteller stepped backwards also, I'd say about five or six feet, when he again threw up his revolver in his nervous, jerky way. He didn't call halt or say anything, but just blazed away the second time. I think that's the shot that did the work, for as the pistol cracked, Steele said:

"He's done it, boys," and fell forward in a kind of pitching motion like. As he fell against Marsteller the revolver sounded again, but I think this shot went wide of the mark. The bullet could hardly have left the gun when the weight of Steele bore revolver and man to the ground. The big man lay perfectly still, and I thought something was wrong. That's the way it was for a second or two, and then Marsteller scrambled out from under Steele and walked away. I and several others bent over Steele, but he was dead, the bullet having gone in right over the heart."

The prisoner was taken to the 4th District Station, where he said: "I never meant to kill him. Steele asked me for the \$15 I owed him, and I said I couldn't pay it. He began to abuse me, and I said he wasn't treating me fair, that there was nobody in the yards he was treating so badly. When I said that he said 'You're a liar,' and struck me. He was so large I had no show with him, and his third blow knocked me against the building. Then he clutched at my right eye, but only scratched my nose. I got loose and backed off. When I drew on him I only did it as a bluff. The first two shots I fired in the air. The last I aimed to maim him, but I missed it, and they say it killed him."

In further talk he said he had served in the Confederate army and was wounded at Sharpsburg. He carries a big hole in the top of his head as a mark of his wound. He is married, but has no children. He lives at No. 3730 Vest Avenue. He is about fifty years of age. Some years ago he shot at "Red-Jacket" McCune, an employee at the yards. Marsteller has been in St. Louis stock trading about six years. R. A. Steele, the deceased, was about forty-eight years of age, and had been in the city about eighteen years. He formerly was in the firm of Steele, Gliven & Co., commission merchants, from which seven years ago he went into the present firm. He leaves a wife and five children, the family living near Payneville, Pike County, Mo., where the remains will be taken after the inquest.

LOUIS GEORGE.

[With Portrait.]

In this issue we publish a portrait of Louis George, who won a six-day roller race, making 1,200 miles, thus winning \$100 a day for each day and the championship of the world; and who is matched to skate 1,000 miles while James Carey rides 1,500 on a bicycle for \$500 a side. George was born in Niagara County and is 23 years old, weighs 138 pounds, stands 5 feet 3 inches in height, and he is no doubt the fastest skater in the world for that distance.

STATSMEN SLUGGERS.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A week ago the members of the New Jersey Assembly changed the general order of affairs by having a regular slugging match between several of the prominent Democratic and Republican members of the House. Governor Abbott was obliged to call in the police and clear the floor before the fight could be stopped.

FLORENCE MILLER.

[With Portrait.]

On another page we publish an excellent portrait of Miss Miller, the brilliant and charming sobrette of the Reilly and Wood's Vaudeville Show, who has made such a bit on the road this season in her great impersonations.

THE JIM CUMMINGS GANG.

[With Portraits.]

We publish on one of the illustrated pages the whole gang of the Jim Cummings Frisco train robbers so cleverly captured by the Pinkertons and their skillful detectives. These pictures represent the appearance of these crooks right after their arrest.

FAVORED BY FORTUNE.

People who Invest Small Amounts and Secure Large Returns.

Scarcely a month passes but what the papers are called upon to record what might be termed the luck of some Californian in acquiring large sums by means of small investments. It is an old saying that "nothing risked, nothing gained," and the practical application of this time-honored maxim to everyday life is a sufficient explanation of the so-called "luck" of many business men. For several years past the daily papers have periodically contained items detailing the manner in which well-known residents of this city and State have won prizes in the Louisiana State Lottery. The drawings of this admirably managed institution occur every month, and with the same regularity as the rotation of months the announcements are made of people who have risked a trifle and won large sums, frequently a fortune. The last drawing occurred on December 14th last, and, as usual, a resident of San Francisco won a tenth part of the capital prize of \$150,000. The fortunate holder of a coupon of ticket No. 93,174, which won that prize, was Nat M. Raphael, the well-known jeweler, at 733 Market Street in this city. To a reporter the gentleman said: "I have been buying a few coupon-tickets every month for the past seven or eight years. In the last drawing I held a coupon which was a tenth of the ticket No. 93,174, and on the day following the drawing, when I read to the telegraph columns of the morning Call that one of the numbers I held had drawn the capital prize, I was almost dazed with surprise. I could hardly convince myself that I had at last become one of the fortunate ones of whom I had so often read. However, I finally realized that I was actually entitled to the money, so I immediately went to the London and San Francisco Bank and deposited my ticket for collection. Eleven days later I received the full amount of \$15,000 in gold coin."

Another lucky man was Fred R. Brown, a shoe maker, living on Rich street. To a reporter he stated that he had very frequently bought coupons in The Louisiana State Lottery, but had never won a dollar. He had almost given up in despair when he bought one-tenth of ticket No. 92,597, which drew one-tenth of the third capital prize of \$20,000. During the holiday week he had received the money, and he rejoiced that he had persisted in his efforts until success came to him.—San Francisco (Call) Call, Jan. 5.



WHAT IS IT?

THE EXTRAORDINARY FREAK OF NATURE ALLEGED BY NEIGHBORS' GOSSIP TO BE AN INMATE OF THE M'ONKIE HOUSEHOLD AT BELLEVILLE, N. J.



HE WAS A FIGHTING EDITOR.

J. AUSTIN FYNES OF THE BOSTON "HERALD" CONVINCES BARNEY M'DONOGH THAT HE KNOWS A GOOD DEAL ABOUT PUGILISM.



HER NARROW ESCAPE.

JOHN TOBIN, OF ALBION, NOBLE COUNTY, INDIANA, HALF MURDERS HIS WIFE AND THEN LEAVES HER ON THE RAILROAD TRACK.



A GALLANT RESCUE.

THE BRAVE FIRE LADDIES OF DES MOINES, IA., GALLANTLY SAVE THE IMPERILLED LIVES OF SEVERAL WOMEN.



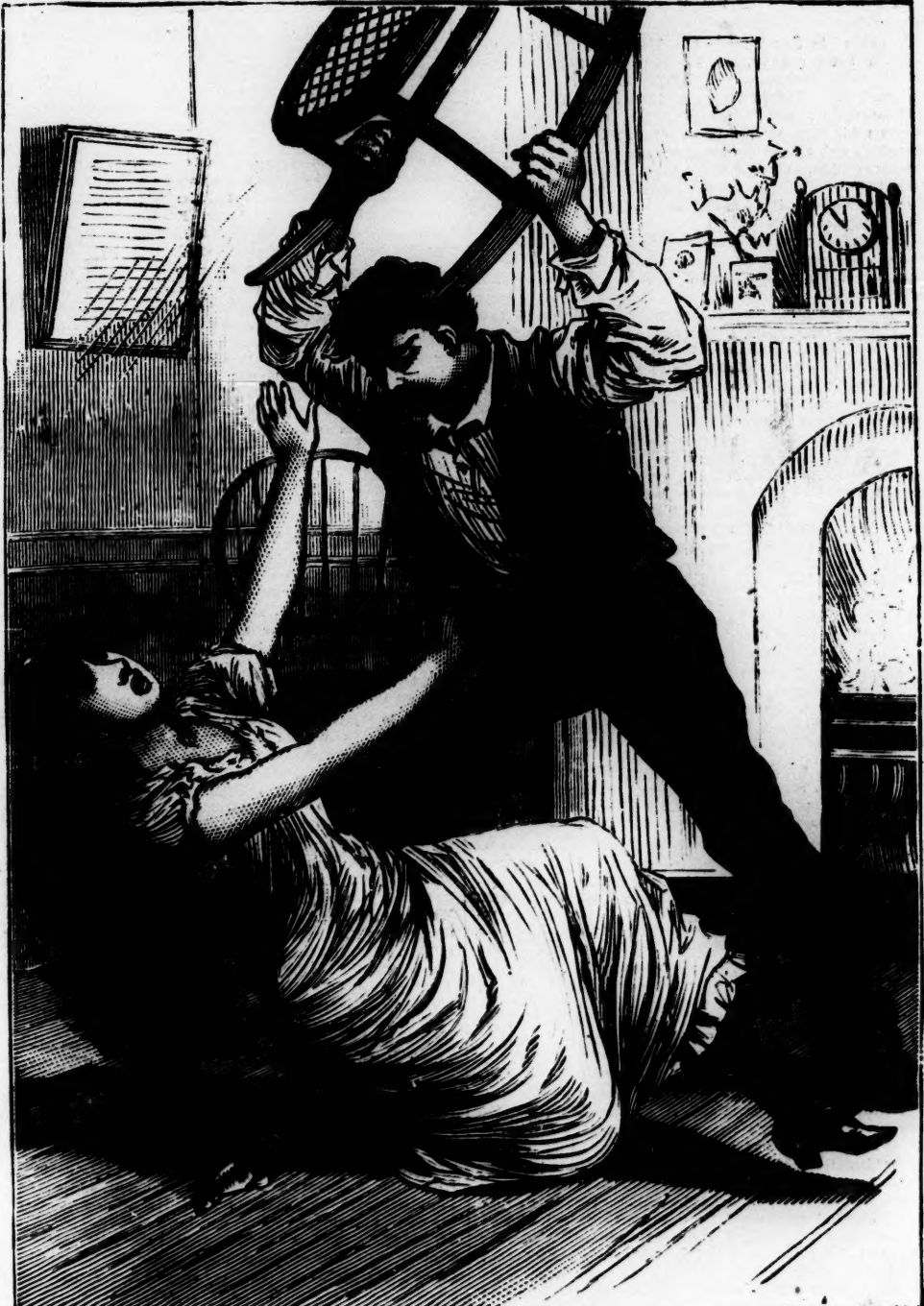
BORN INTO MISERY.

THE TERRIBLE MATERNAL EXPERIENCE OF TWENTY-FOUR-YEAR-OLD CHRISTENA HANSEN, A DANISH SERVANT, AT ARMOUR, DAKOTA.



UNPLEASANT RAILROADING.

HOW A "SNOWBIRD" ENJOYED A VERY THRILLING TRIP UNDER A FREIGHT CAR ON THE HIGH LINE, NEAR CLIMAX, DAKOTA TERR.



HE MUST HAVE HAD NERVE.

WILLIAM AGNEW, OF PALMYRA, N. J., AFTER MURDERING HIS WIFE SLEEPS IN THE SAME BED WITH THE CORPSE FOR A WEEK.

PUGILISTIC NEWS.

A Close and Accurate Resume of the Arenic Events of the Week.

John L. Sullivan cleared \$12,000 from his recent tour in Montana.

Jimmy Hagan conquered Billy Peterson in a 4-round glove contest at the Comique theatre, Philadelphia, on Jan. 12.

Efforts are being made to arrange a match between "Toff" Wall, the English middle-weight, and Jack Dempsey. The former is willing.

Bryan Campbell, of Leadville, Col., who has fought many battles in the prize ring, states he is ready to fight any light-weight pugilist in America for \$1,000.

Pete McCoy and Jack Kelly fought 4 rounds. Queensberry rules, at Philadelphia, on Jan. 14. It was a slashing mill, and the referee decided the contest a draw, as neither was knocked out.

Jack Kilrain said in an interview that the man who can make a stand-off with Sullivan for ten rounds will conquer him. That is all right, but the man who would name the man who can face Sullivan for ten rounds it would be to the point.

Arthur Chambers' protegee, Jimmy Mitchell, writes as follows: "For nearly three years I have been trying to get a match with Jack McAlliff, having several times put up a deposit, which he never covered. I now challenge him to fight to a finish with hard gloves for \$1,000 a side, at 135 pounds, the fight to take place four or six weeks after signing articles."

A large crowd of sporting men assembled at the Police Gazette office on January 14 to witness Paddy Smith, of Brooklyn, and Johnny Reagen sign articles to fight for \$500 a side. As both men had been talking for some time past, and their backers had posted a forfeit with Richard K. Fox, it was the opinion of many that the men would ratify a match. Arthur Mullen, of Brooklyn, Smith's backer, was early on hand, and Smith, with a delegation of sporting men, accompanied him. A dispatch had been received from Reagen, who was in Boston, having just fought Fred Woods, authorizing Billy Reed, a well-known member of the press gang, to arrange a match to fight Smith at catch weights. Reed was on hand, ready with five centuries to make the match. Arthur Mullen commenced business by proposing to match Smith to fight Reagen at 135 pounds for \$500 a side. Reed stated Reagen could not fight at that weight, but he would match Reagen to fight Smith at catch weights, either "Police Gazette" or London prize ring rules for \$500 or \$1,000 a side. A long argument followed, but Mullen would not agree to match his protegee to meet Reagen at catch weights, and as Reagen's representative did not care about making a match in which his man would have a shade the worst of the contract, the meeting ended with no match being arranged.

Paddy Smith, the Brooklyn pugilist, is fast rising to the top of the pugilistic ladder, and is aiming to win the "Police Gazette" light-weight championship belt. Smith is ready to meet any light-weight pugilist in America and battle for the title. January 14th Smith, accompanied by Arthur Mullen, of Brooklyn, called at the Police Gazette office, posted \$50 and left the following challenge:

Brooklyn, N. Y., Jan. 14, 1887.
To the Sporting Editor:
I am ready to meet any light-weight pugilist in America to fight for \$500 or \$1,000 a side and the "Police Gazette" diamond belt representing the light-weight championship. I will also fight the winner of the McAlliff and Gilmore fight, if they meet, on the same terms. To prove I mean business, my backer, Arthur Mullen, has posted \$50 forfeit with Richard K. Fox, who will suit my backer and myself to act as final stakeholder, appoint the place of fighting and select the referee. This challenge will be open for two weeks, and first come first served.

The challenge issued by Smith should not fail to bring out one or more of the light-weights. We understand Smith is particularly one who picks up the gauntlet, but he prefers fighting Harry Gilmore, Jack McAlliff, or the best of the light-weight profession. Smith's money is up; he is eager to fight, and he has a backer ready to back him, so there will be no difficulty in arranging a match.

In regard to Jim Smith, the English champion who is coming to this country, Jan. 14, Richard K. Fox received the following letter from George W. Atkinson, of the *Sporting Life* of London, England, in regard to the English champion—Jim Smith, the famous pugilist and the recognized champion of England, will sail from Liverpool for America on Jan. 29. The object of the champion's visit to the United States is not to engage in any hipodrome matches, as several of the American papers claim, but to contend for the "Police Gazette" diamond belt which you donated, and which emblem, it is thoroughly understood, represents the championship of the world. On Smith's arrival he will be prepared to arrange a match for \$200 and upwards and the champion belt of the world. Should there be any hitch in the arranging of the match, Smith will be ready to meet all comers for \$200 and the belt. It is Smith's intention not to contend for the championship of the world under any but the London prize ring rules, which have governed all encounters for the championship both in England and America for the past forty years, and it is only by said rules Smith will contend in any contest in which the championship is involved. I have not a copy of the rules governing the "Police Gazette" Diamond Belt, but I suppose the conditions are the same as the rules which governed the historical champion belt of England which the plucky Tom Sayers and the courageous John C. Heenan so heroically fought for at Farnborough in 1860. Smith is a clever, gentlemanly boxer, with no pretensions of boasting, and he is a scientific, courageous pugilist and possesses all the qualifications necessary to be a champion. He is temperate in his habits, young, strong and sturdy, and the best man that ever stood in the orthodox twenty-four foot ring since Jim Mace was in his prime. No matter what those opposed to him may say, the sport-loving patrons of the prize ring in America will find him to be a sterling pugilist and a man that is well worthy of being classed champion of England. Smith was in no way to blame for the fiasco with Kniffo, and had the battle been fought Smith, bar wrangling, would no doubt have won. If Smith is the great pugilist it is claimed, and he is matched to meet the American champion, the contest will create quite a sensation in prize ring circles. Smith will be the fourth champion of England to visit this country. Ned O'Balwin came over in 1867, Joe Wormald in 1868 and Jim Mace in 1869.

Louis Jester, of Ohio, and Johnny Murray, of Vermont, a wrestler, fought "Police Gazette" rules, with 20-ounce gloves, for a purse of \$100, at Brooklyn, Saturday, Jan. 15. Jester is twenty-two years old, and weighed 135 pounds. Murray is twenty-four years old, and weighed 140 pounds. The seconds were Jim Daly, for Jester, and Joe Higgins, of England, for Murray. Liney Tracy was chosen referee and a newspaper man timekeeper. Time was called at 9 o'clock, and the men sprang toward each other. Murray looked the larger man, but he was a trifle nervous, while Jester was cool and graceful. The men sparred cautiously for a few seconds. Murray feinted with his left and lunged forward with his right, but Jester wasn't there. The force of the blow dragged Murray forward squarely on Jester's left flat, that smacked his face so hard that it seemed to jar his whole body. But Murray wasn't discouraged, and, darting forward, threw his left hand behind Jester's neck and pulled him forward, while he struck him in the face with his right. This was the only time during the fight that Murray's wrestling powers stood him in stead. The blow was a fierce one, but Jester's face showed no sign of it, except a little flush that spread over it. It encouraged Murray, and he dashed into Jester's corner, lunging out his fists like pile drivers. His guard was bad, and the peppering he got was too much for him. He tried to spring back, and while his legs were spread Jester punched him with his right and left so hard that he went sprawling on the floor. Before he could get up, Jester struck him again. A foul was claimed, but was not allowed. Both men were breathing heavily, and they sparred for wind. A warning voice started Jester and he forced the fighting. Murray slashed his arms around like a windmill and caught Jester in the body several times. But the latter was impatient and fought for all parts at once. He forced Murray against the wall twice and pounded him in the body at short range. The spectators were kept on a run to keep out of the fighters' way. Just as the men had exhausted themselves time was called. They puffed like steam en-

gines during the minute allowed to rest. In the second round Murray left his seat and dashed at Jester like a wild bull. He was caught square on the fist of the latter and sent staggering back. He was then rushed around the room and was knocked clean off his feet with a square face blow. The blow had split his lips and crushed his nose, and blood was running from both. He pluckily faced the Buffalo man, but he lunged out in an aimless way, and Jester pounded him unmercifully to the end of the round. Murray was a whipped man when he came up for the third round. A hot face brought him to his knees. He gained his feet only to be smashed right and left and again sent down, where he remained motionless for over a minute, and the fight was given to Jester. Jester's backers will endeavor to arrange a match between him and Jack McAlliff, the champion, according to prize ring rules and at catch weight.

The glove fight between Jack McAlliff and Harry Gilmore, for a purse, was decided in a room at Salem, Mass., on Jan. 15. McAlliff was seconded by his brother Con. He was dressed in blue tights and red stockings, and weighed 132½ pounds. Gilmore wore white tights and cardinal stockings, and weighed 128½ pounds. Just before time was called Gilmore went over to McAlliff's corner and offered to bet him \$500 that he would win. McAlliff did not take him up. The usual ceremony of shaking hands was gone through, and the combatants put themselves into attitude for the fight.

Round 1—Gilmore at once became very aggressive, and led off at McAlliff's face, which he reached heavily, but before he could get back the New Yorker reached his ribs. The blow was a very light one, however. In fact the whole round was rather tame, as the boxers wanted to draw each other out. McAlliff landed three blows without a return, but none of them left any mark.

2—Again Gilmore rushed at his man and forced his antagonist back, but he failed to reach McAlliff's face. The latter put in several hard counters, one reaching the chest and another landed on the ear. Gilmore countered prettily on the jaw. It was given and taken now with the Canadian for choice.

3—No sooner had "time" been called than Gilmore at once made for McAlliff's corner, and some lively blows followed. After a clinch Gilmore put in three very pretty blows on Mac's face, and the latter complained that Gilmore had stuck his finger in his eye. Mac fought Gilmore half way around the ring, but did not mark his man, who met his rushes with straight left handers, and soon blood began to drip from McAlliff's nose, and Arthur Chambers claimed first blood for his man. Mac got in several blows, and wound up with an upper cut, and Gilmore showed a bunch on his left cheek bone.

4—McAlliff opened the round with a good lead, and fought his man across the ring and punished him on the head. He followed this up with another rush, and delivered a stinging blow on Gilmore's forehead. After sparring awhile Mac again visited his opponent's face, landing twice on his right eye, but got one on the mouth. Gilmore then very cleverly dodged a straight left, and returned the same hand on Mac's ear, staggering him. After some pretty feinting, Gilmore got in swinging left handers twice more on Mac's head. But the New Yorker put in a couple of hot blows on Gilmore's body. The round came to an end just after McAlliff had landed furiously on Gilmore's nose and ribs.

5—McAlliff failed to lead, and Gilmore then sprang into Mac's corner and got in on his face with a severe blow from his left. The New Yorker then fought the Toronto man over into his corner, put a red hot one on Gilmore's nose, gave him a couple of scraping blows on the head, and then the men clinched.

6—Gilmore got a good hit on the New Yorker's neck, but was rushed over into his corner in return. Gilmore saved the air in delivering a terrific upper cut. Both tried their rights, but each dodged the other's blow very prettily. They exchanged rights in the face just as time was called.

The men had now got down to real hard punching, and for twenty rounds they alternated in the lead. McAlliff's blows had the most steam in them, and he left a mark wherever he reached. The body of his adversary, but these were all confined to the body. The Canadian admired his fighting to the head and face. Sometimes McAlliff would put in a face blow, and then he invariably drew blood in a stream. In the twenty-seventh round Gilmore was scarcely able to stand, much less fight, but he gamely responded to the call of time.

28 and last—When Gilmore left his second's knee he tottered and swayed like a drunken man, but he gamely went to the middle of the ring. McAlliff measured his antagonist as he came toward him and then put in some terrific hits. He sent in his left at the pit of his stomach and his right on Gilmore's ear and jaw. Ten times in succession this was repeated, and then Gilmore fell in the middle of the ring exhausted, but not knocked out of time, as he struggled to his feet before the ten seconds had expired. He wanted to keep on fighting, but his seconds threw up the sponge.

The long-pending glove fight between Johnny Reagen, of New York, Prof. Mike Donovan's pupil, and Arthur Chambers' new champion, 40-pound boxer, Fred Woods, of Philadelphia, formerly of England, was fought at the Athenian Club, Boston, Jan. 15. Reagen had been suffering from a sprained arm and had it bandaged on his arrival in Boston. Many supposed in spite of his great courage and stamina, that he would be defeated as Arthur Chambers' champion was said to be a good combination of agility, pluck and science, and a first class sample of a pugilist; besides, he had Chambers behind him to advise and direct him. The men fought with small gloves. Reagen, who is only nineteen years old, has an unbeaten record, and has whipped men many pounds heavier than himself. Woods is known to be a clever, game man. A pair of pink kid boxing gloves came flying through the air. As they landed in the center of the ring, palms up, the square shoulders of the Philadelphia appeared through the ropes. As he seated himself in his corner he was much admired. He looked confident as Arthur Chambers slowly fanned him. Patsy Sheppard was also behind him. Woods wore red tights, black stockings and faced fighting shoes. He weighed 150 pounds. In the opposite corner Handsome Billy Mahoney fanned the boy pugilist. He smiled at Jack Williams, who assisted Mahoney. The Brooklynite appeared to be in good shape, but bandages on both wrists showed his hands had not recovered from the injuries received in his last fight. He was considerably lighter than Woods. He wore black tights, with a blue and white sash. The men shook hands. As they stood up, Reagen appeared like a pocket edition of Joe Lannon. The resemblance was very striking. Reagen wasted no time. He led, but fell a t. Then he landed heavily with his left and right on Woods' face. The Philadelphia retained by a savage jab on Reagen's body. The latter smiled, and, dropping his hands, walked coolly around Woods. Suddenly he rushed at the Philadelphia, and rap, rap, went his right and left gloves against Woods' body. He followed with two heavy face blows. Reagen came up promptly in the next round and led with his left, falling short. He followed it up, however, with a stinger on Woods' neck. Then the Philadelphia evaded matters by a straight right hander on Reagen's nose. The boy pugilist returned to Woods' neck with a straight left hander. He followed this with a rush, and scored a flush hit on Woods' nose. Both came up promptly for the third round, although Reagen's stomach troubled him. He led on Woods' neck, and some hot fighting followed. Woods' left eye showed that the Brooklyn lad had reached a mark. Reagen forced Woods to the ropes. Bang went Reagen's right against Woods' throat. Woods returned the blow, with one added for interest. Time was called during a rush by Reagen. With boyish eagerness, Reagen opened the fourth round. He shifted and ducked just in time to escape Woods. In recovering, he lunged forward and landed his left heavily on Woods' side. Woods returned on Reagen's mouth. The Brooklyn boy was beginning to show hard work, and went to his corner rather weak, but smiling. Both men, as they came to time for the fifth round, showed the effects of their work. Reagen kept boldly to his work. A heavy blow on the face from Woods irritated him. Smash went his right on Woods' body. Then he followed "this up with another over the right eye. Woods, however, was the fresher man as time was called. Woods, in the next round, started in to do up Reagen, who appeared rather tired. Reagen artfully dodged some of the Philadelphia's savage punches. Woods, however, planted a stinger on Reagen's jaw. The latter turned and savagely swung his right in one, two, three order on Woods' ear. The plucky little Brooklynite, however, seemed very tired at the end of the round. The seventh round was an exciting one. Woods had been playing a waiting game. Now he began to force matters. Reagen met him and, though not so strong as the Philadelphia, he took his gruel manfully. Toward the last the boy pugilist began to grow strong, and when time was called it was hard to decide who had had the best of the encounter. As the men went to their corners the members of the club applauded and cheered the men. It was something unusual, but all agreed that it was the greatest contest that had ever taken place in the club. When the judges finally announced a draw, another burst of applause followed. Arthur Chambers walked across the ring and complimented young Reagen for gameness and skill. Woods and Reagen heartily shook hands as they left the ring.

SPORTING NEWS.

AGENTS WANTED.

A smart, energetic man wanted in EVERY TOWN AND VILLAGE IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA to sell the "Police Gazette" where there is no regular newsdealer. Sample Copies and Advertising matter MAILED FREE on application.

RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor,
Franklin Square, New York.

At Philadelphia, on Jan. 11, Bill Dunn and Frank Burke fought a draw, 4 rounds. "Police Gazette" rules.

Axel Paulsen, the Norwegian skater, is expected to arrive at Halifax, N. S., within two weeks. He left Christiania on Dec. 31.

Pat Farrell, Billy McLean's (the baseball umpire) pupil, defeated Jim Killen at Philadelphia in a 4-round glove contest on Jan. 13.

Denny Butler, the swimmer, says he is soon to meet Jack King in a six or eight-round glove contest at Wheeling, W. Va., for \$250 a side.

J. Koch, of the Queen City Gun Club, is matched to shoot at 50 live birds for \$500, against George Roger of St. Catherine's, Can., at Buffalo on the 26th inst.

Billy Madden's champion, Jack Ashton, has purchased a one-half interest in a sporting theatre in Wilmington, Del., and will locate there permanently.

Hugh Nicol and Kid Baldwin, of the Cincinnati Club, are reported matched to wrestle catch-as-catch-can style, best three in five falls, for the house receipts.

Johnny Trot, the boy shot, and Christian Enghler, 45 years old, will shoot a pigeon match at East Chester on Washington's Birthday, 10 birds each, 21 yards' rise, for \$50 a side.

Steve Wilson, the old-time light-weight prize fighter who held the title for Yankee Sullivan in his fight with Bell, died in Brooklyn, N. Y., last week, aged seventy-eight years.

H. H. Briggs, the Field Editor of the "Breeder and Sportsman" of San Francisco, called to look through the Police Gazette building on Jan. 15 and was greatly pleased with the champion belts, portraits, etc.

George Godfrey, the colored professor of the manly art, is seemingly a man that heavy-weights will not meet. His friends are endeavoring to arrange a match for him with Tom Kelly, the Pennsylvania heavy-weight.

Jack Fogarty, the boxer, was not held for cutting Molanus. The latter failed to prosecute Fogarty, and he was discharged on Jan. 13. Fogarty was attacked by Molanus and a gang, and it is claimed he done the cutting to protect his life.

Recently, at Buffalo, Otto Besser of the Audubon Club, and Jacob Koch of the Queen City Club, shot for \$100 a side at 50 live birds and 50 Peoria blackbirds, 26 yards' rise. Besser won by killing 38 to 34 live birds and 32 to 31 of the Peoria.

Arrangements have been made to hold a seventy-two hours go-as-you-please race (twelve hours per diem) at the Royal Aquarium, Westminster. Two hundred pounds will be offered in prizes. It will commence on Monday, Feb. 21, and terminate the Saturday following. George Littlewood, George Hassel, Cartwright and other noted stayers have already gone into training.

There were twenty-three additions to the 2:20 trotting list in 1886, as follows: Belle F., 2:15½; Bonny McGregor, 2:16; Manzanita, 2:16; Oliver K., 2:16½; Allan Roy, 2:17½; Charlie Hilton, 2:17½; J. Q., 2:17½; C. F. Clay, 2:18; Prince Arthur, 2:18; Belle Hamlin, 2:18½; Moody, 2:18½; Nobby, 2:18½; Kitefoot, 2:18½; Orange Boy, 2:18½; Wilton, 2:19; Spotted, 2:19½; Dawn, 2:19½; Albert W., 2:20; Electric, 2:20; Nellie G., 2:20; Tom Rogers, 2:20; Feme Solo, 2:20; and Pilot Boy, 2:20. Two horses previously in the list obtained a lower mark in 1886, as follows: Harry Wilkes, from 2:15 to 2:14½; Jerome Turner, from 2:17½ to 2:15½; Adair, from 2:17½ to 2:17; Guy Wilkes, from 2:18½ to 2:15½; Basile from 2:19 to 2:17½; Bonita, from 2:18½ to 2:18½; Felix, from 2:19½ to 2:18½; Kenilworth, from 2:19½ to 2:18½; Mambrino Sparkle, from 2:19 to 2:17; and Tucker, from 2:19½ to 2:19. It will be seen that there are but two trotters with records of 2:10 or better; thirteen with records of 2:15 or better, while the full list comprises 175 horses with records of 2:20 or better. There are thirty-two horses just outside the list, their best records being 2:20½.

Billy Davis and Eugene Hornbecker fought with gloves according to "Police Gazette" rules on January 14, in a room in this city. Davis is 5 feet 4½ inches in height, and weighed 160 pounds. Hornbecker weighed 118 pounds and stands 5 feet 4½ inches in height. Tom Henry and a friend handled Hornbecker, while Johnny Ellingsworth and a friend seconded Davis. Billy Oliver managed the affair. The bantams fought with small gloves for the purse made up by the bankers, brokers and club men. The battle was a well contested affair for thirty rounds, when the referee and spectators began to become tired and the referee said:

"I don't care what you think, but I am tired; unless somebody is knocked out in this round I'm going to make the fight a draw." The fighters took some courage. They were very tired and terribly bruised. They smashed away at each other, but their strength had so far left them they could not knock holes through a buck-wheat cake, so with some of the spectators grumbling, and others feeling that they had been given enough for their money, the fight was officially proclaimed a "draw." Hornbecker walked out of the room unassisted, but Davis was anxious to have his friends around him.

Harvard College athletic team who are to contend for the Intercollegiate championships of 1887 will this season be chosen from an unusually large number of candidates. While Harvard's prospects are not particularly bright, owing to the graduation of Baker, Bradley, Chamberlain, Smith and Wheeler, yet by steady work during the winter the loss of many of the prize winners may be made up and Harvard still be kept in her proper place at the head of the colleges. The list of candidates at present is as follows:

Running and Jumping.—Clark, '87 (captain); Wells, L. S.; Rogers, '87; Gardner, '87; G. P. Cogswell, '88; C. N. Cogswell, '88; Dana, '88; Lund, '88; Rolf, '88; Bailey, '88; Merrill, '88; Perry, '88; Scott, '88; Brown, '88; J. Crane, '88; W. S. Crane, '88; Endicott, '88; Dikerman, '88; Gorham, '88; Magoun, '88; Meyer, '88; Payson, '88; Strout, '88; Sturges, '88.
Mile walk.—Wright, L. S.; Bemis, '87; Norton, '88; Zinkeison, '87; Grover, '88.
Throwing the hammer and shot.—Gibson, '88; Faulkner, '88; and Whiting, '88.

The heaviest candidate for the freshman crew weighs 183 pounds, and the lightest 138 pounds.

Wm. E. Harding, the all-the-world-over popular sporting editor of Richard K. Fox's great paper, the *Police Gazette* of New York, the once famous champion runner, walker and bicycle rider, has a mine of wealth in the shape of presents, gifts of appreciation and esteem from Richard K. Fox, for his energy, enterprise and executive abilities. These presents increase as the years advance. A pair of couplet diamond sleeve buttons made happy his Christmas, 1886. The buttons are the size of a half dollar. The centre of each is an "H" an inch long, ablaze with diamonds, 30 of the precious stones, weighing 4-24 carats each. Four medallions enclose the "H," and in them are set an emerald, ruby and sapphire, with the diamonds making 35 stones in each button. Attached to the inside buttons are two 18-carat solid gold buttons, weighing 30 pennyweights each. They bear the following inscription: "To William E. Harding, from Richard K. Fox, proprietor *Police Gazette*, New York, as a token of appreciation for services as sporting editor and fidelity as a friend, Christmas, 1886." On Aug. 1, 1881, Richard K. Fox presented William E. Harding with a gold stop-watch and chain valued at \$500. The "cap" bears suitable description and name of the donor. On Aug. 1, 1882, as a token of esteem from Richard K. Fox, he received a diamond collar-button, valued at \$250, and a massive gold locket set with a solitaire diamond, valued \$100. In Aug., 1883, Harding received for his annual present a beautiful scarf-pin, set with rubies, sapphires and diamonds, in the shape of a large "H," valued at \$150; also a large gold shield, valued at \$300,

with the words *Police Gazette* set in diamonds and rubies, beautifully inscribed. On New Year's day, 1884, he received a large solitaire diamond ring, valued at \$800, from Richard K. Fox. On Aug. 1, 1885, Harding received for his annual present a large seven-blue scarf-pin, made of 22-carat gold. The seven blue stones were blue mine diamonds of great value. The toe of the shoe is set with diamonds. In the shoe-calks are a large sapphire and a ruby, while from the frog of the shoe is three initial letters, "W. E. H.," set with garnets and diamonds. Attached to the pin by a unique gold chain is a gold shield. *New York Star*, Jan. 17, 1887.

A rattling glove fight between light weights took place at the Baseball Park, New Orleans, on Sunday, Jan. 16, between Andy Bowen, the champion light weight of the South, and James Glass, a blacksmith. The men weighed 136 pounds each. Bowen opened the first round with a blow on the chin, and a sharp rally followed, the round ending without injury to either man, but rather in Bowen's favor. In the second round Bowen had decided, by the best of it, opening with a sounding blow on Glass' jaw, knocking him on the ropes and following it up with a number of heavy blows on his ribs. Glass returned with a blow on Bowen's neck. The men then clinched and time was called before they were separated. The third, fourth, fifth, sixth and seventh rounds were generally in Bowen's favor, who forced the fighting and paid particular attention to Glass' ribs. The latter fought gamely and succeeded in landing a number of blows on Bowen's face. In the eighth round the tide turned in Glass' favor, who retained his wind and got in a number of hard blows on Bowen's face and neck. Glass forced the fighting in the ninth round, but was promptly met and received severe blows on the ribs. The men then clinched, and Glass got in his right with effect upon the left side of Bowen's head. After they were separated there was a hot exchange of blows until time was called. Bowen opened the tenth and last round with a hard one on Glass' ribs. Then he gave him a straight thrust in the left side, following it with a number of quick, hard blows, almost reaching Glass' down. Striking Glass in the mouth, he made the blood flow and knocked him reeling. Glass retained his feet, however, and Bowen failed to follow up his advantage when time was called. The agreement was that the fight was to stop after ten rounds were fought, if either of the men had not been knocked out up to that time. The men were anxious to continue the fight, but the police refused to allow it to proceed to a knock-out, and the referee decided it a draw. Glass received the severest pounding, but was much the fresher of the two when the fight closed. All the rounds were sharply contested, and both men appeared in sober earnest, but neither was badly hurt. The battle was for \$200 and gate money, according to "Police Gazette" rules.

After Jimmy Carney, the English light-weight champion, arrives in this country, there will not be half so many light-weight champions as now flourishing. Carney's victories in the arena have proved him to stand as a genuine champion, and no one can question his status. He is about twenty-eight years of age, stands 5 feet 4½ inches in height and weighs about 133 pounds. According to our prize ring chronology, he has figured in the followingistic engagements: He beat Paddy Giblin in 11 minutes, breaking his opponent's jaw; beat Paddy Lee for \$50 after a terrific battle lasting two hours; beat Paddy Downey, of London, Eng., for £25 in thirty-five minutes. On July 21, 1880, he fought Punch Callow, of London, for a purse, and the battle was one of the most determined ever witnessed and resulted in a draw. Seventy-four rounds were fought in two hours and two minutes. No harder battle was ever fought between light weights, and if Carney had not injured his left hand early in the contest he would have won. The courage, ability and science Carney displayed in this great encounter gave him a world-wide reputation. In Dec., 1880, Carney, in company with Sam Breeze, Charley Hipkins and Jim Walder, arrived in this country. In April, 1881, he returned to England and returned to England he was matched to fight Jimmy Highland at 128 pounds, for \$250 a side and the light-weight championship of England. The fight was decided at Cuttle Mills, 11 miles from Birmingham, Eng., on Oct. 11, 1881. The pugilist fought 43 rounds in 1 hour 45 minutes. At the conclusion of the forty-third round Highland's ribs were broken and he was frightfully punished. Carney also received terrible punishment, and it was anybody's fight. The police arrived and arrested Carney, all the rest escaped. Highland died soon after the battle and his death created a sensation. Carney was afterward committed, without bail, to appear for manslaughter and was sentenced to six months' imprisonment, which sentence he served. Carney's last battle was for \$500 and the light-weight championship of England, with Ike Jacobs, of London. They were to have fought on Dec. 16, 1884, but Carney was arrested and bound over to keep the peace. On Dec. 20, they fought near Charing Cross, London, Eng. Carney weighed 128 pounds, Jacobs 123 pounds. Carney was declared the victor after one of the best-contested battles almost ever witnessed. The fight lasted exactly 1 hour 45 minutes. Both men were badly punished, and the select few who witnessed the affair were loud in their praises concerning the admirable conduct and bravery of winner and loser alike.

All arrangements have been completed for the six day go-as-you-please race for the "Police Gazette" diamond belt and the long distance championship of the world. The race will commence at the Elite Skating Rink, Philadelphia, on Monday, Feb. 21. Already fifteen contestants have entered, viz.: John Hughes, George D. Normac, Robert Vint, Chris. Faber, of New York; (the "Police Gazette" entry); Frank Hart and Tony Strokel of Boston; Peter Heggelman, of Harlem, N. Y.; Peter Golden and Tom Cox, of Buffalo; Daniel Burns, of Elmira; Alfred Elson, of New Bedford; Andrew Black, of Philadelphia; Daniel J. Herby, of Boston; Gus Guerrero, of San Francisco, and D. J. Sullivan, of Saratoga, N. Y. The following conditions govern a race for the belt:

Rule 1—The *Police Gazette* Diamond Champion Belt, offered by Richard K. Fox, shall represent the six-day go-as-you-please championship of the world, and the holder of the said trophy shall be the six-day pedestrian champion of the world.

Rule 2—Each successive race for the belt shall be a sweepstakes of \$100 for each contestant.

Rule 3—The belt shall be subject to challenge from any man in the world.

Rule 4—Challenges must be sent to the temporary stakeholder, accompanied by \$100.

Rule 5—Challenges shall date from the day of their receipt by the stakeholder, and the holder of the belt must arrange a race with the first challenger.

Rule 6—The holder of the belt must name date and place, sign articles and deposit his \$100 sweepstakes within four weeks from date of challenge at the Police Gazette office.

Rule 7—The race named by the holder for starting the race must not be less than one month or more than three months from date of challenge, except by consent of donor.

Rule 8—The holder may claim any city in the world as the place for the race.

Rule 9—After a match is made any person may join the race by signing the articles and depositing \$100 sweepstakes money with the temporary stakeholder four weeks before the date set for the commencement of the race.

Rule 10—The winner must give Richard K. Fox satisfactory security for the safe keeping of the belt and its prompt return when called for.

Rule 11—No share of the gate money shall be given to any competitor who does not cover 500 miles.

Rule 12—One half of the money shall be divided among those competitors, not exceeding four, who go 500 miles or further, in accordance with the following conditions: If only one man finishes 500 miles he shall take all. If two men the division shall be 65 and 35. If three, 50, 30 and 20. If four, 50, 25, 15 and 10. If five 50, 20, 15, 10 and 5. If six, 50, 20, 12, 8, 6 and 2 per cent.

Rule 13—The holder must deliver the belt to the temporary stakeholder ten days before the date of the race.

Rule 14—The belt shall become the personal property of any man who wins it three times, successively or otherwise, or holds it for eighteen consecutive months, provided, that if at the expiration of the eighteen months he shall be under challenge, that match must be contested and won by him.

Rule 15—The *Police Gazette* shall be stakeholder in all contests for the belt, and all challenges and moneys shall be sent to Richard K. Fox.

Rule 16—Richard K. Fox, the donor of the trophy, or the Sporting Editor of the *Police Gazette*, shall have full power to appoint the referee, who shall appoint all other necessary officials, and decide all questions not expressly provided for in these rules.

Rule 17—The management of all future competitions for the belt to be in the hands of the *Police Gazette*. The contestants in all matches and sweepstakes to have the right to appoint representatives to guard their interests, financially and otherwise.

The entries embrace the best pedestrians of America, and the race promises to create no little interest among sporting circles.

THE REFEREE.

His Thoughts, Opinions and Expressions on Matters of Sporting Interest.

Sporting circles in England are jubilant over the fact that Jem Smith, the English champion, is to visit this country to meet all comers, because they are well aware that Smith is the best man that ever followed the profession of a pugilist.

Since Jem Mace was in his palmy days and able to cope successfully in the twenty-four foot ring against any man in the world, Smith is the recognized champion of England, and no matter what any one may write or say, he holds that title, having fought for it and fairly gained the honors.

On his arrival in New York he will receive a cordial reception like all other distinguished pugilists that have preceded him. He comes with a first-class certificate and ready to do battle with all comers, no matter if it is John L. Sullivan.

The English champion is said to believe in acts, not words. He is no boaster, neither is there any bravado about his actions. He would not have decided to come to this country had the American champion decided to cross the Atlantic to meet him in the arena and decide who is champion of the world.

"One of Smith's principal objects in visiting America," says an English exchange, "is to contend against the Yankee champion for the champion belt of the world recently put up by Richard K. Fox."

"Smith agreed to meet the American champion for \$200 and the championship trophy, and suggested that the battle should be fought either in England or Ireland; but after nearly all the arrangements were made the Yankee champion refused to meet Smith on neutral ground, but stipulated that he would fight him in America, and as Smith's backers were mixed up in the great turf events, the match fell through.

"It would not surprise us that after Smith invades the land of stars and stripes to meet the Yankee champion, to see the latter offering some excuse for refusing to meet Smith unless it is in a glove contest of four rounds, for we have it on good authority that the Yankee champion is averse to fight with the raw 'uns, according to the rules of the London prize ring.

"It will be Smith's duty on his arrival in the United States to call on Richard K. Fox and inform the champion belt, which we have been informed Sullivan stands ready to defend, and as the same rules govern the American trophy which governed the champion belt Tom Sayers and the Beneca Boy so bravely battled for at Farnborough in 1860, the American champion will have to meet Smith with bare knuckles, London prize ring rules, or else Smith will (or should) receive the valuable championship emblem, and then stand ready to defend it.

"From what we have heard of Richard K. Fox, the proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE, who is the prime mover and supporter of everything appertaining to the prize ring in America, there is not the least doubt that should Smith be able to induce the American champion to meet him in a contest for the champion belt that Mr. Richard K. Fox, being the donor of the trophy, will use all his influence to see that the battle is conducted in a fair and honorable manner, and that the best man win.

"Smith, judging by his record, stands a first-class chance of conquering the great Sullivan from all we have heard from Greenfield, Mitchell, Mace, etc., and it is based on information from various authorities that Smith is going to meet the American champion, and if a contest can duly be arranged on equal terms, according to London prize ring rules, and it is known that the men will fight, hundreds of pounds will be put up on the result of the contest at Tattersalls and at the clubs, and a large delegation will cross the Atlantic to back Smith and look after his interests.

"Should the American champion refuse to meet Smith on his arrival in America, he will claim the championship of the world and meet all comers.

"In conclusion, all we have to say is that if the champions of the new and the old world are matched to meet in the orthodox style for the championship, no matter whether the battle is fought in England, Ireland or America, the match will create a widespread interest in both hemispheres, equal to the excitement and interest in the international contest of 1860 between the departed Eric Sayers and Heenan, and no matter whether the victorious laurels perch on the English or the American champion's brow, the battle and the result will give an additional breeze to pugilism."

The Chicago "Herald," Dec. 25, gives the following description of the "Police Gazette" diamond belt: "Jack Dempsey's \$1,000 championship belt is on exhibition and is beyond compare the handsomest prize ring trophy ever shown in Chicago. It is fashioned of nine large silver plates, each about eight inches high and four wide, with two heavy silver plates for clasps. The plates are connected by three heavy silver ropes, deftly knotted around a regulation ring stake between each plate. The center piece of the belt is a huge silver shield, bearing on its shining surface a large bas-relief in virgin gold of a prize fighter in ring costume and position. Similar figures adorn the two adjoining plates and gracefully wreathed about the top of the center of the belt is the inscription: 'Police Gazette Middle Weight Champion Prize Ring Belt of the World.' One plate bears a photograph of invincible Jack and another a picture of Richard K. Fox, the donor of the emblem. The four remaining plates are set off with the coats of arms and national colors of America, England, Scotland and Ireland, handsomely wrought in gold. The workmanship is exquisitely delicate and elegant, and the show window was surrounded all day by admiring crowds of spectators."

"While you were in the West," the investigator remarked to Dempsey, "it was telegraphed East that you had offered to bet \$1,000 that Sullivan couldn't knock you out in six rounds. Any truth in the report?"

"No, I never made any crack at him," Dempsey returned, "but he goes on just the same. There's been so much talk about it I'll meet him if he is anxious for a trial."

"What is your exact proposition?"

"I will bet \$1,000 that John L. Sullivan cannot knock me out in six rounds, and if he wants to make the match I can name a man who will bet another \$10,000 on me. He can have all the money he wants. Understand me, I'm not getting the 'swelled head,' so that I think I would stand any show to whip Sullivan, but I know he can stop me in six rounds, and I'm willing to back my opinion with hard cash."

It is about time America had a rowing trophy. There have been prize ring champion belts and emblems to represent all national sports, but there never has been a championship single-scul rowing trophy.

Professional billiard playing in this country is giving an expiring groan. The furious manipulation of the players and the queer way in which they have competed have so disgusted the public that it is doubtful if an international match between Vignaux and Schaefer would attract more than an ordinary crowd.

The recent alleged matches between Slosson and Schaefer at St. Louis and Chicago, drove the last nail in the billiard coffin, and it will be some time before the public will patronize a game of billiards, although it may be for the championship.

No one is to blame for the little interest now taken in billiards, but the players who allowed themselves to be manipulated by selfish backers who did not care for the public or the players, in fact for nothing but the money they could win by having wires pulled on the contestants.

The Arbitration Committee has been guilty of an outrageous piece of arbitrary legislation in legislating to the effect that all clubs under the national agreement must play under the new code of rules, under penalty of expulsion from the agreement.

This is forcing the minor leagues to play under a set of rules which are becoming more and more unpopular the more they are considered and discussed. Each league should have been given the liberty to frame its own playing rules.

By advices from Chicago I learn H. V. Bemis, of the Chicago horsemen, has determined to issue a call for a meeting for the purpose of organizing a new national trotting association. I am informed he makes this move because he has the assurance of help from so many associations that he feels that it will be successful.

The reform is needed, and in my opinion the present association has outlived its usefulness.

I have been informed that Jack Knifton is to come over to this country and battle in the arena for fame and fortune.

The 81-tonner is said to be a game, clever fighter, and in point of science compares favorably with any of the English heavy-weights.

Many of the patrons and followers of rowing are puzzled to know who is the champion oarsman of this country or the fastest man in a shell for three or five miles. In the West, many claim John Teemer can outrow any man in the United States and the Dominion, while in St. Louis and other cities where there is great interest manifested in rowing, Jake Gaudaur is looked upon as the premier.

In New York Boston and Canada, Edward Hanlan is looked upon as the fastest sculler in America proper, and it is an established fact that he can be matched to row any man in the world, even Wm. Beach, if the latter would consent to row on American waters.

Should Hanlan, Gaudaur and Teemer meet in a race over a course in which none of the contestants will have an advantage in the positions they draw, it would be a race that would attract considerable interest in sporting circles, and all three oarsmen would come to the starting point heavily backed.

Albert Hamm, who trained Jake Gaudaur in England, says Gaudaur was the greatest man he had ever seen in a boat. He could row faster than he did in England, but the facts are really these, said Hamm:

"I know pretty well what he is capable of doing, and when I say that, I mean that he possibly could defeat any man in America that ever rowed a shell boat. He went over to England, however, after rowing a season, or almost an entire season, on this side, and was not practically as good a man as he would have been if he had made his match with Beach months prior. In fact he was rowed out when he crossed the Atlantic. He did well under the circumstances and with the little acclimatization he had. He rowed Beach a harder race and a gamer race than was ever before seen upon water. He made mistakes in his course and in the conduct of his struggle at Hammersmith Bridge. He should have won the race there. He can beat Beach, conditions equal, upon any water of the world."

George H. Hosmer will not agree that Beach can defeat Hanlan upon neutral water, and thinks that Hanlan was justified in not going over to England until he was fit to row a boat and a race upon which depended not simply the aquatic championship of the world, but the interest of every man, woman and child upon this side of the Atlantic.

"Hanlan, Teemer or Gaudaur, either one, as Hamm said and I said, are capable of doing Beach," said Hosmer, "but which one of them America should send to represent them I cannot say. They are as nearly equal in a boat as it is possible for three men to be."

Here is an interesting story of the late Dan Mace, the Wizard of the turf, which will be read with interest by horsemen:

Many years ago, when Dan was a boy, a match was made between the old-time trotter, Farmer Roy, and a rival turf performer. The race came off at the old Cambridge course, and Dan was put up behind the former.

He was clad in an airy suit, consisting of an old straw hat, minus a good portion of the brim, a pair of dilapidated pantaloons with several buttons missing, and one leg curled two or three inches at the bottom, held in place by suspenders tied around his waist. With his left hand he grasped the handle of his cap, his feet being bare. Quite a contrast between the neat jackets and fancy-colored caps now worn by drivers; but that was before the introduction of score cards, enabling one to tell every horse by the color of his driver's cap.

The sulky was a rickety affair, and the harness in perfect harmony with the sulky and Dan's suit. The leathers used in the ends of the whiffletree to keep the tugs from working off were lost, and wooden pegs, improvised for the occasion, substituted.

It was a close contest, and the skill with which the scantly-clad youth handled his nag excited the admiration of the crowd. In the midst of the race one of the wooden pegs got broken, and the tug which it held in place dropped to the ground.

Nothing daunted, the plucky lad, without attempting to slacken the speed of his horse, crawled along the shaft, supporting himself on the horse's back, reached forward, grasped the breastplate, took the tug in his left hand and worked himself back into the seat of the sulky.

During this feat the horse slowed up somewhat and his competitor passed him. Holding the tug and one rein in one hand, he managed to handle the other rein and whip to so good advantage that he finally won the race.

The Suburban Handicap, one and one-quarter miles, to be run at Sheepshead Bay, has filled up to the standard of last season, when ninety-six were nominated. The following were the nominations received up to date: Kirkman, Longlight, Quilo, Charity, Florence Fonso, Wickham, Mary Payne, Boomerang, Lookout, Pegasus, Becky B., Goufalon, Ariel, Goano, Wanderer, Stallwart, Markland, Supervisor, Richmond, Greenfield, Peconic, Headland, Bonnie Prince, General Noy, The Bard, Amalgam, Lansdowne, Eurus, Lottery, Maumes, Cyclops, Housatonic, Orislamme, Gardey, Catesby, My Maryland gelding, Cassatt, Pasha, Rebellion, Biscuit, Broughton, Punka, Jim Gray, Lafitte, Dousman, Tom Booker, Dry Monopole, Thackeray, St. Augustine, Electric, Tremont, Hanover, Ferona, Bessie June, Sir Joseph, Grimaldi, Brother Sam, King Robin, Alf Estill, Troubadour, Blue Wing, Bob Fisher, Masterpiece, O'Fallon, St. Saviour, Freeman, Exile, Top Sawyer, Osceola, Lady Primrose, Royal Arch, Himalaya, Linden, Rupert, Elkwood, Long Knight, Easter Sunday, Soudan, Ratanplan, Frank Ward, Boaz, Portland, Goodfellow, Attorney, Beauty, Barnum, Rock-and-Rye, Bandana, Hazaras, Free Knight, Pontico, Kaloolah, Springfield, Savannah, Erebus and Billy Gilmore.

How speculators will ponder, scheme and think to find out the three placed horses. If we were certain what horses would place the starter, we would select three for the placed horses and in the trio would be the winner.

In the first race for the "Police Gazette" diamond belt and the long-distance championship of the world, at the Casino, Boston, Frank Hart won, covering 527 miles. George D. Norreac was second, with 505 miles; Chas. A. Harriman was third, with 500 miles. Hart received \$1,000, Norreac \$500 and Harriman \$340, which left \$1,300 for the management after every bill and the pedestrians had been paid.

By the old rule of measurement the Galatea is 90 tons and the Mayflower 162 tons, equal to 9 minutes 32 seconds on a 40-mile course. By the new L. & S. rule the Galatea will be 103 tons and the Mayflower 129 tons, equal to 4 minutes 44 seconds on a 40-mile course.

HORSES THAT HAVE TROTTED IN 2:18 OR BETTER.

The following is a complete list of all trotters who, up to date, have made a mile in 2:18 or better:

Maud S. Cleveland, O. July 31, 1886.
2:08 3/4.
Jay-Eye-See, Providence, Aug. 1, 1884.
2:11 1/4.
St. Julien, Hartford, Conn., Aug. 27, 1880.
2:13 3/4.
Maxey Cobb, bay horse, foaled 1875, by Happy Medium-Lady Jenkins, against time, Providence, Sept. 30, 1881.
Rarus, bay gelding, foaled 1887, by Konkin's Abdallah-Nancy A'ful, against time, Buffalo, Aug. 3, 1878.
2:13 3/4.

Phyllis, bay horse, foaled 1867, by Dictator-Betsy Trotwood, Chicago, July 14, 1884.
2:14.

Clingstone, bay gelding, foaled 1875, by Rysdyk-Gretchen, Cleveland, July 28, 1882.
Goldsmith Maid, bay mare, foaled 1857, by Alexander's Abdallah-Lady Abdallah, against time, Providence, Sept. 2, 1874.
Trinket, bay mare, foaled 1875, by Princeps-Olda, against time, Morrisania, Sept. 27, 1881.
2:14 1/4.

Harry Wilkes, bay gelding, foaled 1876, by George Wilkes-Lady Walker, Cleveland, July 28, 1886.
Hopeful, grey gelding, foaled 1876, by Godfrey's Patchen, dam by the Bridham Horse, against time, Minneapolis, Sept. 5, 1878.
2:15.

Lulu, bay mare, foaled 1863, by Alexander's Norman-Kate Crockett, Buffalo, Aug. 10, 1875.
Majolica, bay gelding, foaled 1876, by Startle-Jessie Kirk, Providence, Sept. 5, 1885.
2:15 1/4.

Belle F. bay mare, foaled 1878, by Masterode-Belle Hastings, Hartford, Sept. 20, 1886.
Guy Wilkes, bay horse, foaled 1879, by George Wilkes-Lady Bunker, Santa Rosa, Cal. Aug. 21, 1886.
Smuggler, brown horse, foaled 1866, by Blanco-dam untraced, Hartford, Aug. 31, 1878.
2:15 1/4.

Clemmie G. chestnut mare, foaled 1876, by Magic-Net, Providence, Sept. 10, 1884.
Hattie Woodward, bay mare, foaled 1879, by Aberdeen-dam untraced, Buffalo, Aug. 7, 1880.
Jerome Turner, brown horse, foaled 1878, by Wilson's Mambrino Patchen, dam by Pacing Abdallah, Jr. St. Louis, Oct. 7, 1886.
Phyllis, brown mare, foaled 1874, by Phil Sheridan-Netty Wagner, Cleveland, July 31, 1885.
2:16.

Bonnie McGregor, bay horse, foaled 1879, by Robert McGregor, dam by Reconstruction, Rochester, Aug. 10, 1886.
Manzanita, bay mare, foaled 1882, by Electioneer-Mayflower, Lexington, Ky., Sept. 3, 1886.
2:16 1/4.

Anteo, bay horse, foaled 1879, by Electioneer-Columbine, San Francisco, Aug. 24, 1884.
Edwin Thorne, chestnut gelding, foaled 1873, by Thorndale-Lady Lightfoot, Buffalo, Aug. 9, 1884.
Fanny Witherspoon, chestnut mare, foaled 1874, by Almont-Lizzie Witherspoon, Chicago, Oct. 3, 1884.
Lucille Goldust, bay mare, foaled 1876, by Goldust, dam untraced, Rochester, Aug. 10, 1877.
Maud Messenger, bay mare, foaled 1877, by Messenger Chief, dam by Gentle Breeze, Hartford, Sept. 6, 1884.
Oliver K., bay gelding, foaled 1876, by King Wilkes, dam by Virgilus, Hartford, Sept. 2, 1886.
Wilson, bay gelding, foaled 1876, by George Wilkes-Miss Coons, Cleveland, Aug. 1, 1883.
2:16 1/4.

American Girl, bay mare, foaled 1862, by Amos C. M. Clay, Jr., dam untraced, Albany, Sept. 25, 1874.
Darby, bay gelding, foaled 1872, by Delmonico-Black Bass, Utica, Aug. 27, 1879.
Jerome Eddy, bay horse, foaled 1875, by Louis Napoleon-Fanny Mepes, Buffalo, Aug. 3, 1882.
Phil Thompson, gray gelding, foaled 1878, by Red Wilkes, dam untraced, Cleveland, Aug. 2, 1884.
2:16 1/4.

Charlie Ford, gray gelding, foaled 1871, by McKisson's Gray Eagle, dam untraced, Cleveland, July 23, 1880.
Occident, brown gelding, foaled 1863, by Doc, dam a mustang, Sacramento, Cal., Sept. 17, 1873.
2:17.

Director, black horse, foaled 1877, by Dictator-Dolly, Cleveland, Aug. 1, 1883.
Gloster, bay gelding, foaled 1866, by Volunteer-Black Bass, Rochester, Aug. 14, 1874.
Mambrino Sparkle, bay mare, foaled 1878, by Pisk's Mambrino Chief, dam by Sparkle, Cleveland, July 29, 1886.
2:17 1/4.

Arab, bay gelding, foaled 1878, by Arthurton-Lady Hamilton, San Francisco, Nov. 1, 1885.
Black Cloud, black horse, foaled 1872, by Ashland Chief, dam by New York Beauty, Chicago, July 22, 1882.
Dexter, brown gelding, foaled 1868, by Hambletonian-Clara, against time, Buffalo, Aug. 14, 1867.
Piedmont, chestnut horse, foaled 1871, by Almont-Mag Ferguson, Chicago, July 19, 1881.
So-so, bay mare, foaled 1875, by George Wilkes-Little Em, Hartford, Aug. 26, 1881.
Zoe B. bay mare, foaled 1876, by Blue Bull, dam the dam of Milla C. Pittsburg, July 17, 1885.
Allen Roy, gray gelding, foaled —, by George M. Patchen, Jr., dam untraced, San Jose, Cal., Sept. 30, 1886.
2:17 1/4.

Bessie, chestnut mare, foaled 1876, by Blue Bull, dam by Patrick Henry, Cleveland, July 29, 1886.
Charley Hilton, bay gelding, foaled 1879, by Louis Napoleon, dam a Morgan mare, Hartford, Sept. 4, 1886.
J. Q. black gelding, foaled 1880, by Kentucky Prince, Jr., dam by American Clay, Rochester, Aug. 12, 1886.
Nellie R. chestnut mare, foaled 1874, by Gen McClellan, Jr., dam by a son of Gen McClellan, Stockton, Cal. Nov. 25, 1885.
Robert McGregor, chestnut horse, foaled 1871, by Major Edsall, dam by American Star, Fort Worth, Texas, Nov. 25, 1883.
Santa Claus, bay horse, foaled 1874, by Strathmore-Lady Thorne, Jr., Chicago, July 10, 1881.
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Duquesne, chestnut horse, foaled 1875, by Tippoo Bahaw-Wild Rose, Pittsburg, July 26, 1880.
Hannis, chestnut horse, foaled 1870, by Mambrino Pilot-Lady Stewart, Hartford, Aug. 26, 1880.
Joe Davis, brown gelding, foaled 1877, by Dr. Herr, dam by Mambrino Pilot, Jr., Cleveland, July 31, 1885.
Sallie Benton, gray mare, foaled 1880, by Gen. Benton-Sontag Mohawk, against time, San Francisco, Dec. 13, 1884.
2:18.

Adelaide, bay mare, foaled 1878, by Milwaukee-Minnie B. Cleveland, July 28, 1885.
C. F. Clay, bay horse, foaled 1881, by Callban-Soprano, St. Louis, Oct. 6, 1886.
Dick Swireler, bay gelding, foaled 1870, by Walkill Chief-Madame Swireler, Utica, Aug. 20, 1879.
Edwin Forrest, bay gelding, foaled 1871, by Brannock's Ned Forrest-Fanny Monday, Utica, Aug. 14, 1878.
Glen Miller, white horse, foaled 1875, by White Line, dam by Alexander's Abdallah, Chicago, June 17, 1885.
Great Eastern, brown gelding, foaled 1869, by Walkill Chief, dam by Riley's Consternation, Buffalo, Aug. 2, 1872.
Judge Fullerton, chestnut gelding, foaled 1865, by Edward Everett, dam untraced, Cleveland, July 28, 1875.
Kate Sprague, brown mare, foaled 1875, by Gov Sprague-Fan, Rochester, Aug. 10, 1881.
2:18.

Nellie, bay mare, foaled 1866, by Hambletonian, dam by Seely's American Star, Boston, Sept. 11, 1874.
Prince Arthur, bay gelding, foaled 1876, by Western Fearsnaught, dam untraced, Cleveland, July 29, 1886.
Prokline, brown mare, foaled 1871, by Blackwood-Sally Chorister, East Saginaw, Mich., June 10, 1879.
Red Cloud, bay gelding, foaled 1866, by Legal Tender, dam untraced, Buffalo, Aug. 7, 1874.
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Arab, bay gelding, foaled 1878, by Arthurton-Lady Hamilton, San Francisco, Nov. 1, 1885.
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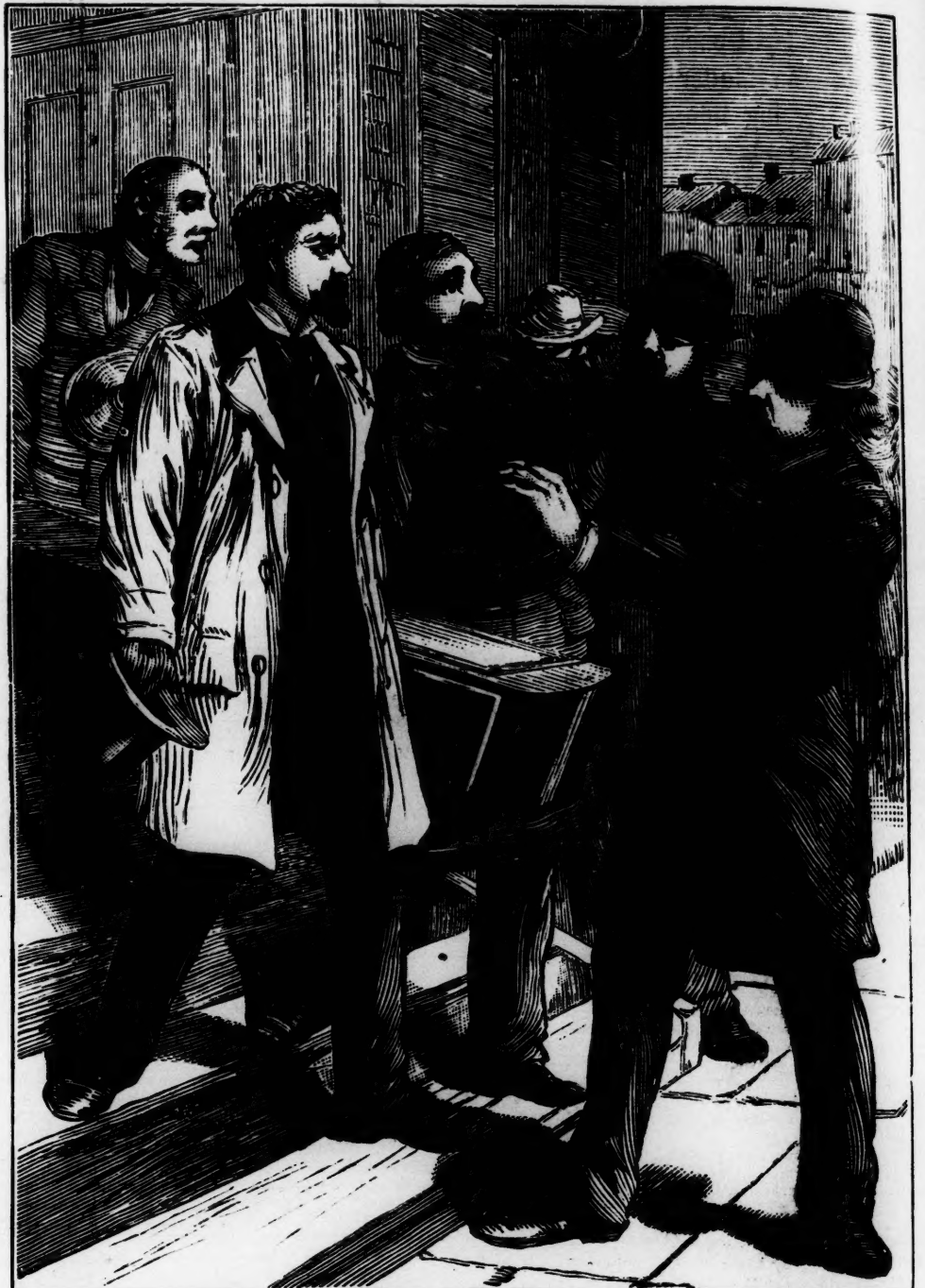
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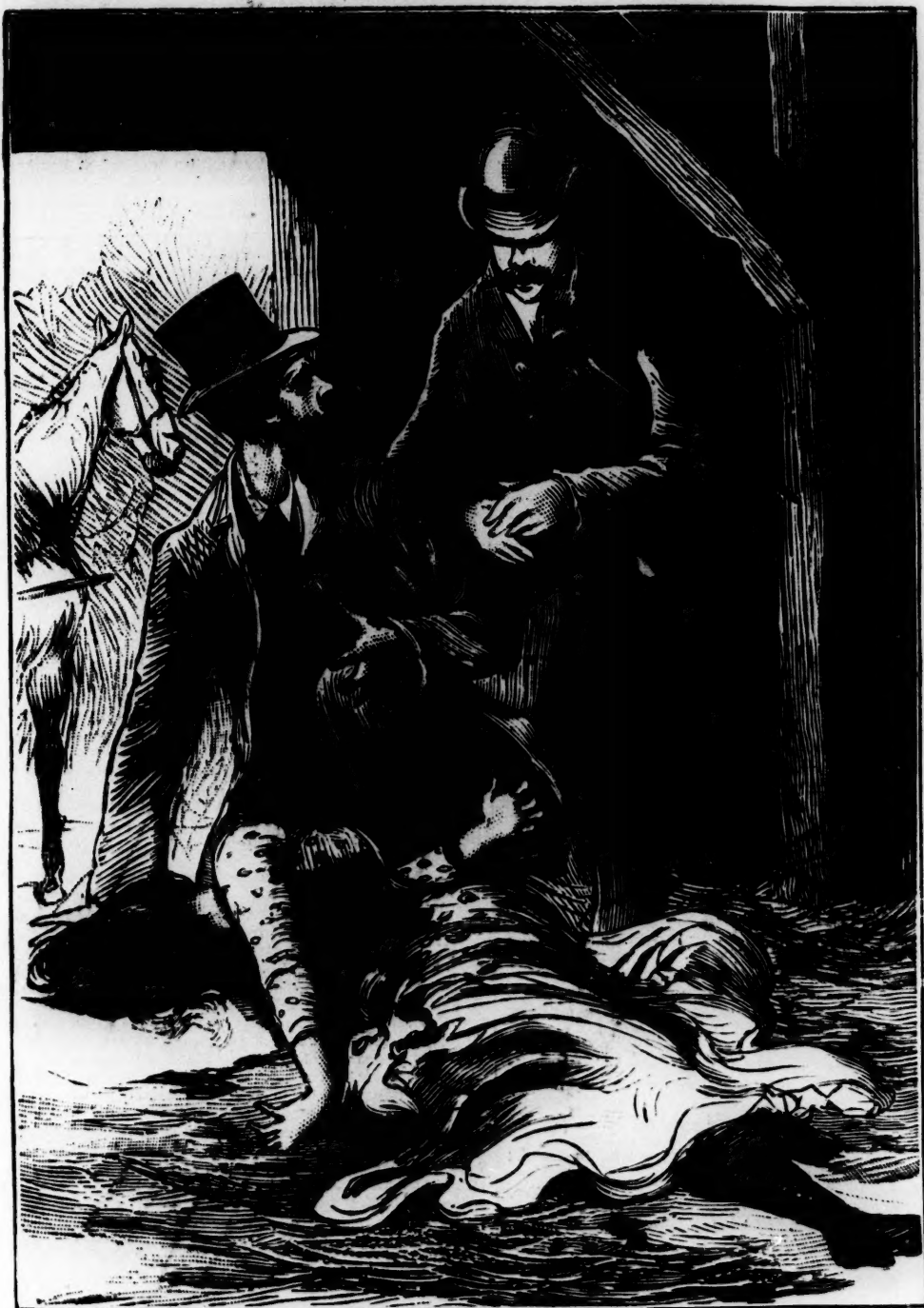
THE DEED OF A COWARD.

AN UNKNOWN MISCREANT PUTS A CHARGE OF DYNAMITE IN THE COOK STOVE OF MRS. CLARKE, AT TOMBSTONE, ARIZONA.



STOPPING A FUNERAL.

THE CHICAGO POLICE, HAVING SUSPICIONS OF MR. LAWRENCE KRUG, UNKINDLY STOP THE FUNERAL OF HIS STEP-DAUGHTER.



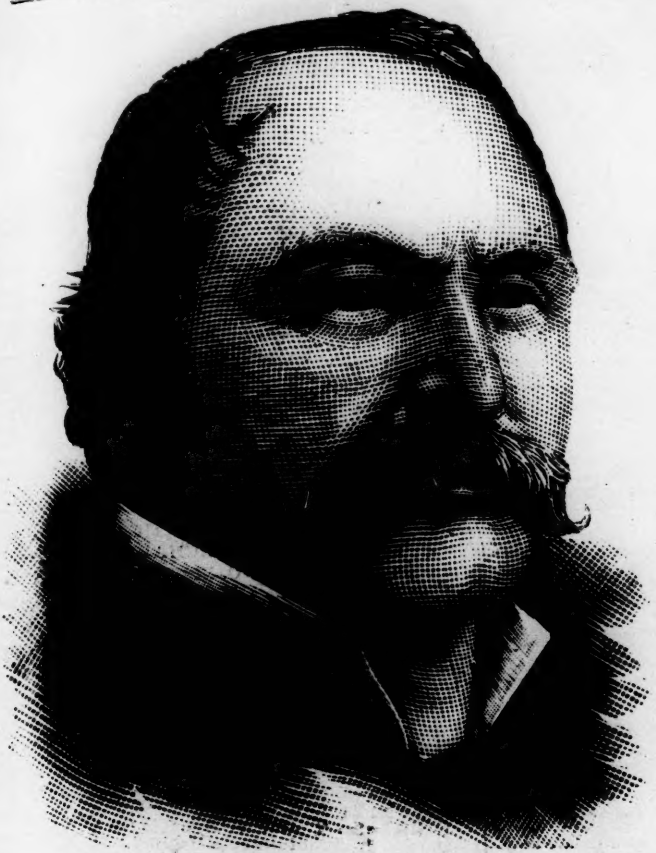
THE DEED OF A CRANK.

PRETTY FRANCES FOX, A RATHER RAPID YOUNG FEMALE OF LAUREL GROVE, CONN., IS KILLED IN A PAROXYSM OF FEAR BY HER CRAZY EMPLOYER.



SAVED BY A SNAKE.

HOW THE DAUGHTER OF MR. BELDEN, OF BREVARD CO., FLORIDA, WAS PROTECTED FROM A NEGRO FIEND BY AN ANGRY SERPENT.



JOHN TAYLOR,
POPULAR SPORTING MAN OF PORTLAND, OREGON.



LOUIS GEORGE,
SIX DAY ROLLER SKATER OF CAMPOBELLO, ME.



BARNEY FARLEY,
THE VETERAN PUGILIST OF SAN FRANCISCO.

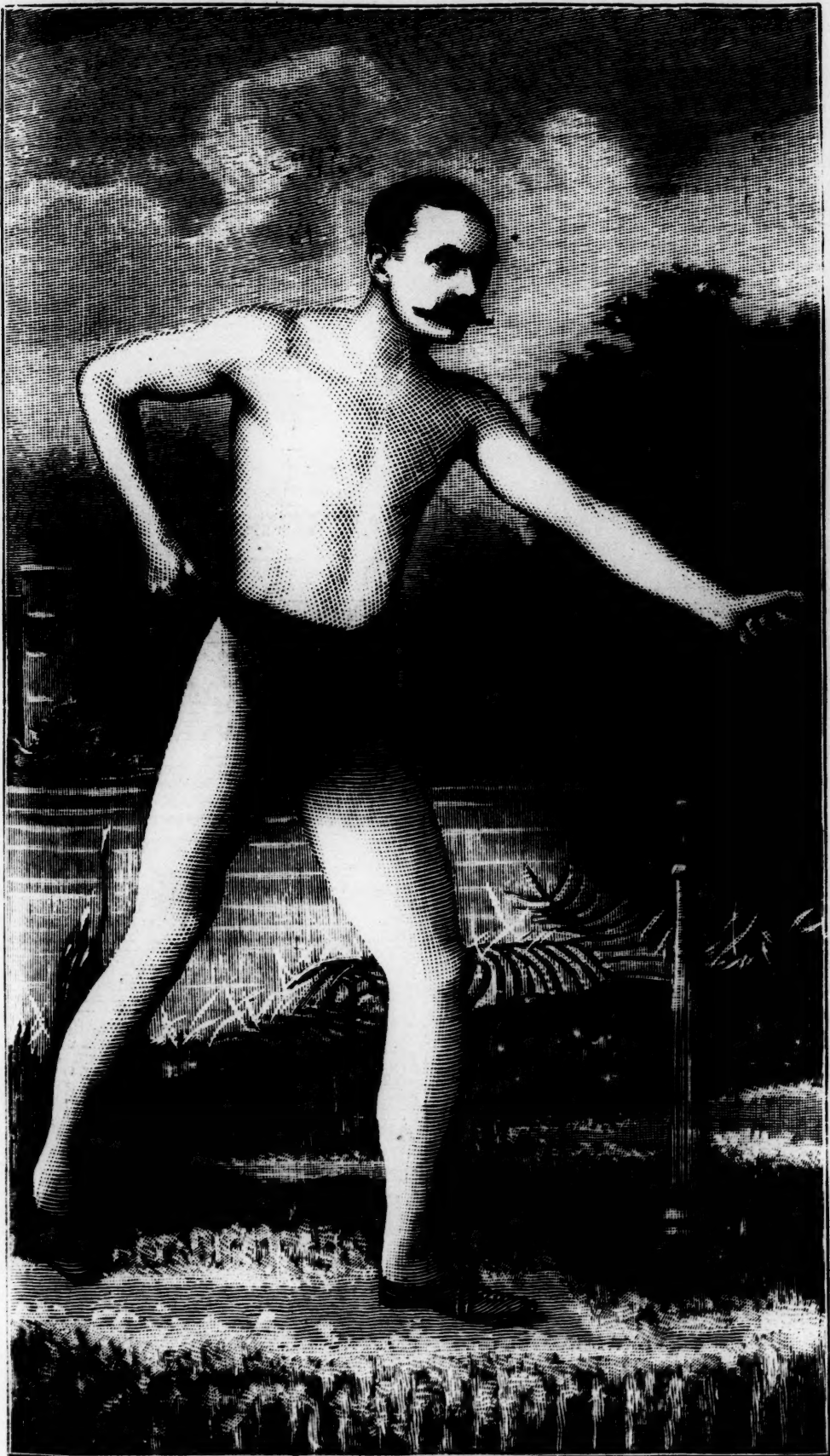
Ten Smart Rounds.

A rattling glove fight between light weights took place Sunday afternoon at the New Orleans Baseball Park, in the presence of one thousand spectators. The contestants were Andy Bowen and James Glass. The men weighed 136 pounds each. The match was for \$100 a side and the gate receipts.

Bowen opened with a blow on the chin, and a sharp rally followed, the round ending rather in Bowen's favor. The second round was

Bowen's. The third, fourth, fifth, sixth and seventh rounds were generally in Bowen's favor, but in the eighth round the tide turned in Glass' favor, who forced the fighting. Bowen opened the tenth and last round with a hard one on Glass ribs, almost rushing him down. Glass retained his feet, however.

The men were anxious to continue the fight, but the police refused to allow it to proceed, and the referee declared it a draw. Glass was much the fresher of the two when the fight closed.



HARRY BETHUNE,
THE FAMOUS SPRINTER OF NEW PHILADELPHIA, OHIO.



STUBBORN FIGHTING.
THE GAME MATCH ENDING IN A DRAW BETWEEN ANDY BOWEN AND JIM GLASS
AT NEW ORLEANS, LA.



JAMES CARNEY,
THE YOUNG ENGLISH PUGILIST SOON TO ARRIVE IN AMERICA.

INOCULATED BY PASTEUR.

Surgeon Charles A. Siegfried, of the United States navy, has returned from Paris, where he looked into the Pasteur system of treating hydrophobia, with a view to its introduction into a government hospital in this country. He says that medical opinions in France differ as to the efficacy of the inoculations, but that the records of cases seem to establish the value of Pasteur's work. "The number of Americans who resort to Professor Pasteur's Institute," he adds, "is not expected by their countrymen. Many make the trip privately, especially if they belong to well-to-do families, able to pay the expenses without publicity. Besides, bitten persons are often loath to admit their nervousness, and therefore go to Paris ostensibly for pleasure, while their real errand is to get inoculated. Pasteur humors their desire for secrecy, and permits them to register under assumed names, even when he knows who they really are, which is by no means always. A note of introduction from the American Minister is required, as a matter of form. No fee is charged, but voluntary contributions are accepted, and they go into a fund for the maintenance of the hospital. Pasteur personally takes no pay."

"I saw a young New York lady go through the process. Her case had not been mentioned in print. Her name assumed for the occasion was Marietta Byrne, and she actually belonged to a rather rich and fashionable family. Her pet dog had bitten her, and then died in convulsions, so that she did not know for a certainty whether or not she was in danger of the dreaded rabies. She rode to Pasteur's house, at 14 Rue Vaquelin, which is an insignificant building in the midst of the various schools of the Latin quarter. She was accompanied by her father, who presented her credentials, and gave all the particulars of her case to a clerk, who recorded them in a big book. Then she was shown into an ante-room and directed how to prepare for the operation. This consisted simply in arranging her attire so that, without delay, the surgeon could inject the virus under the skin. Then she was placed in a line with seventeen other bitten persons, all women or children, for this day was set apart for them—men having had the previous day. All marched into the room where Pasteur and his assistants were in readiness. One surgeon stood beside a table, on which was a glass jar containing the protective fluid. Over the top of this vessel was stretched a filtering paper. Beside it lay a hypodermic syringe. The man, thrust the sharp, delicate nozzle of this instrument through the paper into the liquid and filled it in that way, in order that by no possibility could it be vitiated by contact with the air. Having thus charged the syringe, he handed it to the principal operator, who deftly inserted it obliquely through the skin of the patient, in the region of the loins, and quickly injected the contents. It was like the puncture of a needle, and not very painful. The girl bore it without flinching, but some of the children, as well as the more ignorant adults, cried and struggled at it. She had to return for additional injections during several weeks."

A PRETTY SWINDLER.

Forty-five Lexington avenue, New York, is a respectable-looking house, in a quiet spot, not far from the residences of the late Chester A. Arthur and John Kelly, and close to a distinctly fashionable quarter. At the nearest corner is a horse mart, where sellers and buyers of fast horses congregate a great deal. During the past month or so the peculiar thing about number forty-five has been a wondrously pretty housemaid, who furnished the front windows with daily industry and grace. She was a slender blonde wearing a plain black dress, a white apron and a jaunty lace cap, after the fashion of neat domestic servants in the households of the rich. For about an hour every forenoon and afternoon she was visible from the street, as she stood picturesquely posed on the step-ladder inside the window at work on the panes. The turf men observed her. Many of them flirted with her. Not a few, being shyly encouraged, made her acquaintance, to be naively invited to call at a certain time when the mistress should be out. Nearly every admiring visitor left his wallet, his watch or some jewelry in possession of the girl and kept his loss to himself, not caring to stand the ridicule of his acquaintances. But one case got to the police, and it turned out that the maid is a counterfeiter. She is the head and all of the establishment, an adventuress who conceived and executed the adroit plan, as described, to rob invigilant triflers.

SPIES BETROTHED.

Miss Nina Clarke Van Zandt, of Chicago, who was to be married to August Spies, the condemned anarchist, is well known to many Pittsburg people, having formerly visited there. She is a granddaughter of W. B. Clarke, who was one of the most prominent lawyers in that section, and lived in Beaver. Her mother's sister is still living there. She married John Arthur, who died some years ago. He was a wealthy manufacturer, and left a large fortune in real estate and personal property, which went to his widow. She resides in Oakland, and her father, Wm. B. Clarke, resides with her. As she has no children, Miss Van Zandt has been regarded as her heiress, and has visited her frequently. She was among the guests at the marriage of Miss Walker, the sister-in-law of Mr. George Westinghouse, and was very much admired because of her beauty and accomplishments. Mr. Van Zandt, the father of the young lady, is connected with the well-known Moorehead family of Pittsburg, being, it is said, a nephew of the late General James K. Moorehead, after whom he was named. It is reported that the marriage with Spies may divert the expected Pittsburg inheritance of Miss Van Zandt into other channels.

VICTIMS OF THE COLD.

One night last week a terrible storm of wind and snow swept over Lake Erie, and during the whole of it two men were out on the ice which covers the lake, suffering the torments of cold and hunger and engaged in a struggle for life. A German named John Gerner and an Irishman named Brinter started at 5:30 o'clock in the morning from Buffalo on a fishing trip. They went up the lake some fifteen miles, the weather being cold and clear when they started. They went out much further than was necessary, and as they passed along they went over one hundred cakes of ice, many of which overlapped one another, though apparently they were frozen together. After being out some time, and having caught considerable fish, Gerner urged his companion to return, calling his at-

tention to an approaching storm and the fact that the regular fishermen had gone in. Brinter would not go, however, and it was not long before the storm descended upon them. It was only after much difficulty that they started in the right direction for the city. The ice was breaking up in all directions, and the poor fellows had to try nearly every cake before darning to trust themselves on it. They were soon chilled to the bone, and so hungry that even raw fish was palatable. The sled, tools, and fish had finally to be abandoned. Brinter's mind began to wander after the struggle for life had been kept up several hours, and he kept constantly complaining that his wife would give him nothing to eat. At times the wind forced them to lie down on the ice, and then they were blown along on their stomachs like paper before the wind. Both men by the time they reached the outskirts of the city were nearly dead, and it was twenty-two hours after they left home before they again reached shelter. Gerner's feet were badly frozen and Brinter is confined to his bed.

JOHN SPLAN BREAKING THE BANK.

It was a few weeks ago in an Eighth street room, Philadelphia. The game had been rather slow until John came in with blood in his eye and a roll of bills as big as his neck. "What's the limit?" he demanded. The dealer sized him up in a minute. "From the green earth below to the blue sky above," he answered suavely. "Good!" said Splan briefly, and planked down a hundred on the queen. Near the end of the third deal Splan had \$5,000 in hand, and he shoved the whole bundle on the ace. "Excuse me," said the dealer, "but we can't take that bet." "I thought you said I could raise 'em to the sky!" retorted Splan. "So I did," assented the dealer, "but, confound you, don't you know there are limits even to the atmosphere?"

A SAILOR GIRL'S HEROISM.

The schooner Maggie Dalling, a small craft sailing in the interests of the Alaska Commercial Company, and hunting seals near Pebaloot Island, went ashore in Behring Sea on the night of the 10th. She was commanded by Capt. McDonald, the pretty eighteen-year-old daughter of a former captain, who died about six months ago, and had a crew of two men. One of the men was washed overboard before the schooner struck, and the remaining sailor, after a hard struggle, managed to reach land. In the morning a relief party put out for the wreck, to find the form of Capt. McDonald hanging over the wheel, where she had been nearly crushed to death by a falling spar.

THE SON AVENGES HIS FATHER'S DEATH.

About three years ago in the southern portion of this county, near Point Pleasant, W. Va., John Letcher was shot and killed by Nelsa Borden in a quarrel about a fence. Letcher's son, Abner, then twelve years old, told his mother and others that when he got big enough he was going to kill Borden. Borden's dead body was found in a clump of brush with a bullet hole through his head. Young Letcher was absent from home that day, hunting in the woods in which Borden's body was found.

SAVAGE JEALOUSY.

Jean M. Thomas was shot and fatally wounded the other morning, in New Orleans, by Dominique Tribique for alleged intimacy with the latter's wife. Tribique keeps a dairy on Galvez street, and goes out early every morning with one of his milk carts. In his absence Thomas, who keeps a coal yard in the neighborhood, has been in the habit of visiting Mrs. Tribique. The neighbors say that improper relations have existed between them for some time past. Mrs. Tribique admitted the visits of her neighbor, but declared that he persecuted her with improper proposals, and urged her to desert her husband and fly with him to France. She told her husband of this, and asked his protection. He warned Thomas not to come in his yard. Leaving the house for a few minutes, he returned to find Thomas in his wife's bedroom, Mrs. Tribique being in bed. He pulled down his shot-gun and delivered a lot of buckshot in the Lothario's back and legs. Thomas' leg was amputated by the doctors at the thigh, but there is no hope of his recovery. Mrs. Tribique is a young woman of twenty years.

TRAINMEN AND ROBBERS.

Five masked robbers boarded a Pan-Handle freight train near Sheridan Station, just at the outskirts of Pittsburg, Pa., the other night, but they were detected in the act of throwing freight from the moving train, and in a desperate fight which ensued Fireman Curley was shot through the right thigh, and a brakeman was knocked senseless with a stone. The trainmen then gave up the fight to attend to the injured men, and the thieves escaped. The train was loaded with merchandise and express matter, and when nearing Sheridan Tunnel the engineer noticed that his train was dragging. Upon investigation it was found that the brakes had been set on three cars. The train was stopped, and the robbers, surmising what was up, jumped from the cars. A hand-to-hand struggle followed, but the robbers soon gave up the fight and started to run. Fireman Curley and a brakeman gave chase and were fast running their game down, when the pursued turned upon their pursuers, and while one shot Curley the other knocked the brakeman senseless with a stone. The injured men were carried back to the train and their wounds dressed. Curley bled profusely, but was not fatally wounded. Guns, ammunition, etc., which the thieves had thrown from the cars, were found nearly a mile back from the point where the robbery was discovered. It is supposed that the brakes were set by the thieves to prevent fast running while they were engaged in distributing their plunder along the road.

A TERRIFIC EXPLOSION.

The schooner Parallel went on the rocks at the entrance to the Golden Gate the other day at San Francisco. The captain and crew abandoned her. The life-saving crew, who went to their assistance, had scarcely reached the shore when the pounding of the schooner's hull against the rocks caused an explosion of her cargo of 100,000 pounds of giant powder. The signal station was completely demolished; the life-saving station was wrecked; the west side of the Cliff house was blown out; other buildings on the beach were damaged, and three members of the life-saving crew who built a fire on the beach were hurled into the air and severely injured. The effect of the explosion was like that of an earthquake. The Cliff house is a total wreck.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

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PECK'S PATENT IMPROVED CUSHIONED EAR DRUMS PERFECTLY RESTORE THE HEARING and perform the work of the natural drum. Invisible, comfortable and always in position. Conversation, even whispers, heard distinctly. Send for illustrated book of testimonials. Free. F. HUSCOX, 553 Broadway, N. Y.

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Letters to advertisers should be inclosed in sealed envelopes, bearing upon the outside the sender's address written across the end, in addition to the advertiser's address, written lengthwise as usual. This is an almost infallible prevention of loss and disappointment. Letters so treated are returnable to the sender, unopened, if they fail of delivery.

Correspondents abroad are cautioned against sending foreign postage stamps, which are useless as a remittance, post office orders can invariably be obtained and should be used exclusively.

TO ADVERTISERS.

Advertisers sending copy for blind advertisements must in all cases accompany their communication with a precise description of the goods they propose to sell.

Attention is called to the fact that no new accounts are opened for advertising, and that cash must in all cases accompany an order. Persons who are disappointed because their cards do not appear in this issue are those who omit to comply with this rule.

All Advertising Agencies are forbidden to quote the POLICE GAZETTE at less than regular rates, and notified that orders from them will not be received unless they exact full rates from advertisers.

Copy for advertisements must reach this office by Tuesday at 1 P. M., in order to insure insertion in following issue.

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Glimpses of Gotham; or, New York by Daylight and after Dark. Man Traps of New York. A Full Exposure of the Metropolitan Swindler. New York by Day and Night. A Continuation of Glimpses of Gotham. New York Tombs: Its Secrets, Romances, Crimes and Mysteries. Myriad of New York Unveiled. One of the most exciting books ever published. Paris by Gaslight. The Gay Life of the Gayest City in the World. Paris Inside Out, or, Joe Potts on the Loose. A vivid story of Paris life. Secrets of the Stage; or, The Mysteries of the Play-House Unveiled. Great Artists of the American Stage. Portraits of the Actors and Actresses of America. James Brothers, the Celebrated Outlaw Brothers. Their Lives and Adventures. Billy Leroy, the Colorado Bandit. The King of American Highwaymen. Cupid's Crimes; or, The Tragedies of Love. A history of criminal romances of passion and jealousy. Famous Frauds; or, The Shards of Society. The lives and adventures of famous impostors. Mysteries of Mormonism. A Full Exposure of its Hidden Crimes. Slave Dictionary of New York, London and Paris. Compiled by a well-known detective. Heathen Chinese. His Virtues, Vices and Crimes. An account of the saffron slaves of California. Gilted's Crime. Full History of the Murder of President Garfield. Assassin's Doom. Sequel to Gilted's Crime. A history of the trial and sentence. Crime Avenged. Sequel to the Assassin's Doom. The punishment of the murderer. Murderesses of America. Heroines in the Red Romance of Crime. Faro Exposed. A Complete Exposure of the Great American Game. Lives of the Poisoners. The Most Fascinating Book of the Year. Mabelle Unmasked, or the Wickedest Place in the World. Crimes of the Cranks. Men and Women Who Have Made Identity An Excuse for Murder. Boycotting. Avenge Yourself by Yourself. A true history of the Irish troubles. Suicide's Cranks, or the Curiosities of Self-Murder. Showing the origin of suicide. Coney Island Frolics. How New York's Gay Girls and Jolly Boys Enjoy Themselves by the Sea.

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